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TOLSTOY: BY IVAN NARODNY

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following sympathetic appreciation of the late Count Leon Tolstoy was written for THE CRAFTSMAN by his friend Ivan Narodny, and the conversation given here is one of the many they had together out in the clover fields of Yasnaya Poliana.)

Y DEAR FRIEND:—Excuse me for my delay in replying to your letter. I am getting more and more indifferent to my correspondence. I feel I have but a short time to live and I am afraid that the last part of my novel and a few shorter sketches will remain unfinished, for I am anxious to devote every hour to my memoirs. I would like to retire to some quiet corner where undisturbed I could finish my life's work. But how I am to do that, I do not know—”

These few fragmentary lines, addressed during the latter part of the past summer by the great author-reformer to an American friend, tell the whole story of why Tolstoy so mysteriously left his home,—a story concerning which the daily press has published so many strange, contradictory reports.

For more than twenty years Tolstoy has been a thorn in the side of the Russian Government and its subservient clergy. Under the ban of the church, despised as an anarchist, and kept under the surveillance of the police, he was an exile in his own land, yet it is probable that most of the discrediting stories were manufactured by his enemies.

During the summer of nineteen hundred the late Anton Tchekhoff, the foremost Russian short-story writer, and I visited Tolstoy at Yasnaya Poliana, his country estate. We arrived at the house quite early—about ten o'clock in the morning. The maid who opened the door explained that the master was in the field.

“Do you expect him home soon?” we inquired.

“He comes to lunch usually at one o'clock. But the mistress is home, and she will send a messenger to inform him that guests have come,” replied the maid. As we hesitated she asked, “Please, wouldn't you like to take a seat in the parlor?”

“Just show us the field, and we will find him,” said my companion.

She showed us the road and the direction, and in ten or fifteen minutes we arrived at a fragrant field of clover. Twenty or thirty

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men and women were mowing the clover and gathering it in stacks. Among them we saw our host, clad in a blue Russian blouse, white linen trousers and a wide-brimmed straw hat. He looked a picturesque figure in his simple national dress with his long white hair and beard, among his workingmen. Seeing us he lifted his hat and walked toward us with the pitchfork on his shoulder.

"How do you do, *golubchiks*—little doves? We are just in need of help. Excellent! Clover is ripe and the weather is glorious. A beautiful day for work, don't you think so?" he said, holding out his hands in greeting. "Well, I see you do not like to join me in mowing, but you probably would like to take a walk along the fields?"

After a few conventional remarks on our side, we started talking together.

"NATURE to me is a sacred temple and work in the fields is devotion," Tolstoy began in a low but sympathetic voice that was in harmony with his appearance. "It uplifts, it purifies and it inspires me whenever I feel depressed and misunderstood by the people. It is to me a book of books and a museum of museums. My city friends come and ask me if I have heard this or that orchestra, or if I have seen this or that new opera or new play. I reply, I don't need the arts of civilization when I have real art, the perfect play and the best music right here. They say I am deluded. They ridicule my simple life and say I am a hypocrite. They think I am doing it for self-advertisement. They cannot comprehend me when I tell them that my primitive garb is merely the *symbol* of my religion of simplicity. They do not understand me when I say I do it for protest against conventions and for refinement and comfort. But it does not matter. I live for my principles, not for conventions."

We had been walking. Our host paused and we stopped. Dr. Tchekhoff said something about his (Tolstoy's) novel "Resurrection."

"I am glad that you mention it," replied the Count. "Please tell me frankly how did it impress you? I am anxious for the critical opinions of my fellow craftsmen."

Dr. Tchekhoff spoke of the parts that he thought were the best, and then criticized what he did not like. "I would have wished to see a more complete picture of *Nehludoff* in Siberia and to have a few chapters of his sad return," said my companion.

"Very true," said the host. "But you know I often sacrifice the dramatic perfection for ethical purposes. Fiction, as you know, is

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with me merely the means of ethical preaching. I do not write fiction for entertainment."

"I know that, Leon Nicolaevitch," replied Dr. Tchekhoff. "I agree with you. Some of the best modern writers agree with your views. But what I mean is that you could simply suggest many ideas without expressing them in words."

Our host stroked his long gray beard, glanced at us smilingly and said:

"That may be so, but you must admit that I am an individualist. I depict my characters in individual colors and I shape my figures in individual form. Don't you think that our modern school system is dangerous, that it kills the individuality, that it creates a shallow, conventional army of cultured egotists? It makes characters like watches and souls like moving-picture shows. It did much harm to me and my children. That's the reason I am opposed to our modern civilization, and to modern fiction. They are both artificial structures without soul and originality."

WE HAD arrived at the top of a hill overlooking a landscape of rural beauty. It was an exhilarating summer's day. Everything was smiling and everywhere was joy. It seemed as if the beauty that surrounded us was meant to stimulate our conversation. As we seated ourselves upon a log our host continued: "You know how the so-called academicians attacked my philosophic essays. You remember what they did with my 'My Religion' and 'What Is Art?' They tried to make me ridiculous, ignorant and childish. Why? Simply because my books were out of the conventional, out of the academic ranks. They think that every new thought and idea must be presented to the public in academic guise. But I say, every man is entitled to express his thoughts and ideas without any scholarly formula. That's the reason I hate conventional art, fiction and religion. To me a wise peasant who has his individuality is a far greater philosopher than a university professor. I have here among my workmen a peasant story-teller who with his imaginative faculty and profound insight surpasses all the mediocrities whose articles we read in our conventional periodicals. He is perfect master of his art. But the trouble is that he will never have a chance to write his stories, because the editors and the publishers will say, 'Pah, what can that uneducated *muzhik* (peasant) tell us?' So you see we have geniuses who die without ever being known, and we kneel before successful mediocrities saying: 'Oh, how wonderful!' It's a shame, and a crime. It makes me almost insane. Our so-called society is a play of marionettes.

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"Now, on the other hand, a deplorable aspect of life is that of money. To be educated is a mere matter of money. A poor *muzhik* is doomed to ignorance simply because he has no money. Not only that, but money has become the standard measure of everything. One speaks of success as "making money." Money is looked upon as the end of every ambition and every noble work. It is awful! It has commercialized all art, thought and literature. It has brought about modern industrial slavery, which is just as bad as was the feudal state. Nobody can deny that we are money worshippers. Nobody can deny that money is considered as the measure of education, of talent and of genius. We measure the people by their appearance, and according to their wealth and say: 'Oh, how rich they are!' The rich man is a demi-god. It seems as if everything turns around the question of money. But, gentlemen, I ask you, has money ever been the equivalent of labor, of talent, of genius? Can you tell me that it has ever been anything more than a matter of speculation? Has it ever been a real blessing to anybody? Does it not seem to you the paradox of progress? We educate ourselves and our children with the subconscious and conscious idea of making more money. We sell our ideas and our thoughts for money. Most people think that with money they can make their reputation, and that reputation is the medium of making more money."

He paused. Every glance, every line on his face and every gesture of his hand expressed his indignation. He had spoken with deep emotion. Then he continued:

"IT IS a noble fight, but as to advising you how to begin it practically, I am of no use to you. As I understand money, it always bears the portrait of some Czar and is the symbol of law and government. As soon as you begin to fight it you are looked on as a revolutionist. They will persecute you and send you to Siberia. I should think it easier and safer to start the campaign against money abroad. It is an international question, and can be started anywhere where money predominates."

"But socialism is already fighting it," interrupted Dr. Tchekhoff.

"Don't say that," said Tolstoy. "Socialism is fighting individual capitalism, but not money. It preaches a plebeian imperialism, a new form of economic tyranny. Now the people kneel before the rich, but under socialism they will kneel before their bosses. For a socialist everything begins and ends in the stomach. His watchword is equality and equality means death to individuality. For the socialist his platform is a religion, although it is a mere illusion.

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Socialism is an institutionalizer of everything. But you know that progress is built upon the individual. It seems to me that socialism, like every other political party, is a brutal reaction of the masses. Psychology, ethics and æsthetics do not exist for the modern communist."

My companion smiled, put his hand on the shoulder of our host and said:

"You speak like an anarchist. I don't wonder that the socialists oppose you, like the monarchists."

"No, I am an individualist," went on the Count. "An anarchist believes in violence, but I don't. Despising every power, social and political, which is founded on violence, I am for the individual, and the people have misunderstood me. The government in which I believe is that which is based on the mere moral sanction of men. Buddha, Moses, Plato, Socrates, Christ and Schopenhauer are to me the real sovereigns; for they rule not by force of armies and money, but by moral authority. Just as I hate a hereditary potentate, so do I hate a cheap parliament. A political party has never accomplished anything for humanity. Individuals and geniuses have been the pioneers of every reform and of progress. The real law lives in our hearts. If our hearts are empty, no law or political reform can fill them."

Our host paused, took off his hat and for a while gazed mutely at the beautiful panorama before our eyes. An ascending lark above our heads sent out a rapturous thrill and a choir of thousands of humming bees around us furnished a wonderful accompaniment. For several minutes we sat silent, pondering and listening. Suddenly we were aroused by the noise of approaching steps behind our backs. A messenger from the house announced that lunch was ready.

"I suppose you are hungry; I am," said our host, rising.

WE WALKED toward the house that lay about half a mile behind the trees and talked about farming, cattle-raising and politics. At the house we were met by the hostess and the other members of the family. Everybody seemed to be an individualist and was dressed according to personal taste or conviction. While one of the daughters wore a very fashionable dress with a string of pearls around her neck, the other wore a picturesque national costume. The countess was dressed elegantly, yet simply. After a short conventional conversation we entered the spacious dining room. I sat beside the host and his son Leo.

"Gentlemen, are you vegetarians? We are divided. Leon Nico-

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laevitch is a vegetarian, but most of us are meat eaters. What can I offer you?" asked the hostess.

"I am fond of rice pudding, buckwheat and apple pie, but fried mushrooms and pancakes are my favorite dishes," remarked Tolstoy.

Then followed a lively conversation on various topics of the day. After the meal the host invited us to his cabinet on the second floor, overlooking a charming park, in which I beheld a large table with heaps of manuscripts and letters. On the walls hung a few portraits of the intimate friends of the author, and also a picture of Christ.

"I suppose your daily mail is quite large, and occupies much of your time," said Dr. Tchekhoff.

"I devote from three to four hours a day to my correspondence," said the Count. "Often I get letters that have to be read by special interpreters in Moscow. As you know, my works have been translated into fifty-seven languages, but I speak only three of them," replied the host.

"Did you read an article in the *Moskovsky Vedomosty*, in which you were described as the father of hypocrisy?" I asked.

"I have heard of it," responded Tolstoy, stroking his beard. "But what can I do? I am a husband and the father of a large family. I do not wish to be a tyrant to them. I do not want to take away their ancestral property and turn it over to the peasants. I have no right to do that. And on the other hand, I have never pretended to be a begging pilgrim or a fanatic monk, but an author, of simple life."

This was one of my most impressive visits to the prophet of Yasnaya Poliana.

Tolstoy is unique in his fiction and philosophy. Simplicity of style and composition, conception and thought have been his watchwords. No writer has been more popular, more worshiped and opposed in Russia than Tolstoy. Compared with Dostoyevsky and Turgénieff, Tolstoy is far greater both as a writer and reformer. I compare him with Jean Jacques Rousseau, the great French reformer. What Rousseau did for the French people before the Revolution, Tolstoy has done for the Russians, with the difference that Rousseau was a rationalistic giant of the Latin type, while Tolstoy, an emotional realist, was the very personification of the Slavic genius. They have both fought conventionalism and dogmatic religion, and both have preached simplicity and the return to nature. Rousseau was a social agitator and Tolstoy an artist-reformer. Both were geniuses of a universal type, whose names will live.

THE GREETING OF LIFE

STANDING at the threshold of the day, we may greet life in any one of three ways:
As a business, as a profession, as an art.
Of a business, we ask money,
Of a profession, reputation,
Of an art, only fulfilment.
In a business, we serve for the sake of things,
In a profession, for the sake of public opinion,
In an art, for the sake of all men and women.
Any task may be a business, a profession, or an art, according to the spirit in which it is performed;
Even the painter may be a mere business man,
Even the cook may win professional fame,
And the man who climbs high in the sunlight, upon the great iron beams of city buildings—even he may be an artist.
Most of us must do a great deal of plain, hard work,
But we may choose how we shall do it.
We may live dully from day to day, working for the sake of three meals and a bed, for self alone,
Or anxiously, from year to year, in the hope of aggrandizement,
Or nobly, with the ultimate vision far away, developing the best for the service of love.
Listen to a great, glad secret that it is glorious to tell:
There are a few here and now, who, while earning their living by daily labor, greet life as an art!

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

JOHN LA FARGE, THE CRAFTSMAN



HE part of John La Farge's work which would seem of most significance to the public is not the great mural decorations which he has devised for church and state, not the beautiful studies of intimate life revealing his Japanese enthusiasms and sympathies, and not even his vital appreciation of the decorative quality of vivid tones when used with judgment and understanding. Undoubtedly he was a mural painter of rare achievement, we have much authority for this; also a lover and revealer of Nature's gentler ways. He had, too, splendid audacity in the freedom with which he blended those most marvelous colors, green and blue, vying with Nature as she works her subtle mysteries with them. But for his supreme achievement we must look to that work which proclaims him *original*, a creator, and a contributor to the world of art of a new and hitherto undeveloped expression of permanent beauty.

In the final estimate of John La Farge's value to his times, he will, we think, be esteemed first of all as the creator of that process of stained-glass work known as "American" over all the civilized world. It is through this work that he is already identified with the genius of his land; for in the long run the placing of a man in relation to his own nation is inevitably proportioned by his power, great or small, as a creator, the force with which he has moved ahead, not the extent to which he has developed existing conditions. A man's usefulness to his country is the area of undiscovered territory which he has released from the unknown, whether this new land is a spiritual or material contribution. Other men in America have done much in the development of mural painting along national lines; not a few of our painters have realized great inspiration from Japanese art, have saturated themselves with it until its insight and philosophy have become clear to them. (Here one thinks of Whistler, who seems to have laid bare hands on the very soul of Japan.) But save John La Farge no one other man of modern times, either in Europe or America, has brought new life into this beautiful ancient art of stained-glass making.

La Farge had, either consciously or unconsciously, that profound insight into realities which made him realize that great art is very intimate to the nation which produces it, that it cannot always thrive fully and freely if transplanted; that the very subtle thing we know as beauty may be so dependent upon its natural environment, so involved in the soil from which it springs, that with new association it ceases to be beauty. For beauty is no arbitrary thing, but a quality, spiritual or material, in such exquisite harmony with its sur-



JOHN LA FARGE, AMERICAN PAINTER AND CRAFTSMAN: FROM A BUST BY EDITH WOODMAN BURROUGHS.



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**"THE WOLF CHARMER": FROM A
MURAL PAINTING BY JOHN LA FARGE.**



Copyright, John La Farge.

"CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA": FROM
A MURAL PAINTING BY JOHN LA FARGE.



Copyright, John La Farge.

THE WATSON MEMORIAL WINDOW,
BUFFALO, N. Y.: BY JOHN LA FARGE.

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roundings that one experiences joy in contemplating it. And so, however beautiful the stained-glass windows of the old world, set high in shadowy cathedrals, masses of jewels transmuting all light into a glorious effulgence or a tender radiance, sending rosy gleams over weary madonnas, or violet rays over tragic saints, their beauty is in part born of their opportunity. And to set them in our modern buildings, low, small, offering detail for close range of inspection, without illusion, without romance, is to suggest a lack of harmony so great as to mar enjoyment, whatever the purpose or achievement of the artist. And herein was presented a new problem to be solved by architect and painter.

No doubt John La Farge was an ardent lover of the rare beauty of the Mediæval windows in the perfect setting which had been their inspiration and which held lovingly their beauty. He, no doubt, knew by heart the rose red windows in the St. Laurenz Cathedral in Nürnberg and had stood lost in spiritual joy in the radiance which falls down the aisle of the old church of St. Jacob's hidden in the town of Rothenburg. He would have been the first to feel and to understand the imagination which had inspired and the craftsmanship which had executed them. It was, indeed, much the same instinct of real beauty that the old craftsmen possessed which afforded the imagination of John La Farge the power to create for a new kind of civilization and a new type of architecture a new and lovely beauty; to devise windows which belonged to their own kind of environment, and which would give beauty in the light and space which were afforded them. And so he set to work to recreate the art of stained-glass window making, and succeeded as only such imagination meeting such purpose could hope to.

Whether by instinct or from a carefully thought out plan, John La Farge seemed to realize from the very start that what we needed in this country was a more finished, more sophisticated ideal of stained-glass art, suited to intimate surroundings, appealing to a cultivated though conventional sense of beauty. Not devised, as in the Middle Ages, for a life quivering with romance, thrilling to a vividness of expression, for the mystic, the poet, the crusader, the women looking at the world through latticed windows, for the child already a devotee in spirit. The imagination of this artist made it possible for him to see that for today he must devise stained-glass windows for men up from Wall Street, for women weary from shopping, or suffrage meetings or culture clubs, for the mind critical of detail, for the soul a trifle rootbound by convention and dreary circumspection. And so he achieved for us a new art of the window. Not that he reasoned all this out in a material way; he was too near

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in soul to the mystic and crusading knight of old for such prosaic thought; yet having a mind that swiftly realized any inharmonies, he set about to develop the kind of beauty that was suited to the lives of the people which he knew, as one of them. And in consequence he achieved a new measure of beauty for the art of America.

An interesting summing up of the work of John La Farge as a maker of stained glass has been given in a previous number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* by his friend, fellow worker and ardent admirer, Mr. Frederick S. Lamb:

"John La Farge became a craftsman, he studied the minutest details until he had mastered all; he secured an assistant and trained him in his methods of selecting and cutting the material; he found still another willing to carry out the experiments he desired in the making of the raw material; he conceived the idea of using the commonplace opal as an aid to his more artistic creation. He used the lead as the draughtsman uses the line; where colors were weak and poor he reinforced by plating. Every obstacle had to give way to his insistence. The stone rejected of the builder, in his hand, became the cornerstone, and from the chaos which existed when he commenced his studies in the art of glass, he drew forth a result which has challenged the admiration of craftsmen, artists and art lovers, throughout the Western world.

"The window was no longer a mesh of meaningless lines on unrelated pieces of glass; it became a virile work, graceful in composition, palpitating in light and harmonious in color. It possessed the density of the painting with the richness of the window; it was a color scheme suspended against the light by an interesting network of lines.

"It is wrong to attribute the excellence of his work to the material, for no man is less dominated by his material, no man has more carefully avoided the eccentricities of glass. The merit of his work is due to a deeper perception. The vagaries and accidental qualities of modern glass have no place in his work. He early recognized that pretty drawings or elaborate cartoons were not the surest means of obtaining success; he subordinated every step in the progress of the work to the completed result. Colors to him were but as notes to be used in the creation of some great harmony. Simple combinations were equally fascinating and there are today hundreds of pieces of his so-called ornamental work which possess a quality in their design and color composition which have made them famous."

JOHN LA FARGE: THE MURAL PAINTER

The following is a reprint of a letter by Mr. Will H. Low, published in the *New York Sun*, in reply to an editorial in that paper, in which the work of John La Farge was compared unfavorably with that of Winslow Homer.



“IT APPEARS to the writer that it is only through a confusion of terms that the title of painter, of a great painter can be denied La Farge. Within a few lines of this hasty judgment you accord to Winslow Homer the title you deny his elder brother in art, when it is evident that Homer, truly our first great national painter, never acquired in his self-taught art the merit of correct drawing, harmonious color or the complete possession of technical knowledge that is the common acquisition of so many lesser painters here and abroad. On the contrary, La Farge in his large acquisitiveness evinced an early interest in the technical problems of the painter, and in their solution he was in many ways triumphantly successful. It suffices to recall the series of pictures painted in Newport and thereabout before his interest in decoration opened larger fields of endeavor to prove that he was a painter pure and simple even in the present modern contraction of the term. It is to be hoped that there will be a collection of his life-work exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum or elsewhere, where these earlier works may be shown, and if this be done and his full accomplishment be made manifest to a forgetful generation it demands but slightly the gift of prophecy to foretell a complete revision of the opinion expressed in your columns (*The Sun*), which may be shared by others. The translucence of colored glass is a deadly foe to the earthy pigments of the painter's palette, but within the walls of the Church of the Ascension we may put their rivalry to the test, where, surrounded by his own work in stained glass, La Farge's great painting of the Ascension shines like a star, glorious in subtle qualities of color, limpid and atmospheric with an iridescent beauty of color which even his own glass cannot approach.

“There is truly a confusion of terms in our modern award of the title of painter. The dead cat on our ash barrel with a background of tenement houses which masquerades as ‘vital’ painting in one camp, or the posed model painted like a bit of still life which is alone acceptable as ‘sincere’ painting in another, excludes equally many and various qualities which in the long history of our craft in its best epochs have been held to be the most important qualities that a painter may possess. There yet remain, however, a few of us who cling to the belief that we are still of our time and yet consider that Raphael, Veronese and Titian were great painters of equal rank with Velasquez, in whose name, parenthetically, many of the most ‘up to date’ crimes in art are committed.

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"Of these qualities, of style, of ordinance, of line and mass, of color in a decorative sense, of the faculty of translating a conception of the mind into a pictorial pattern, La Farge had more than a full share.

"He is not indeed the first painter who by progressive enlargement of his endeavor, lured by the larger qualities of decoration, has been harshly judged by his fellow craftsmen as a deserter from the camp of the painters. The circumscribed field within whose boundaries so many of his fellows prefer to plod narrows their horizon and they fail to see that the qualities of patience, the happy accidents of the brush, the notation of exact and naturalistic tones, charming as they may be in the easel picture, are nugatory in works of larger import.

"Paul Baudry met with this same reproach when he elected to become a decorator. Jules Breton, his early friend and a great admirer of his earlier work, regrets in 'Nos Peintres du Siècle' the loss of the many charming pictures which Baudry might have painted had not his later years been given to the superb series of decoration which he executed. But in La Farge's case, as in that of Baudry, enough of these earlier works remain to vindicate his possession of these minor technical merits.

"Lesser in truth for the most valuable inheritance left by this great artist who has passed away is his example of the grand style of which he was among our painters virtually the only exponent.

"It is not mere *esprit de corps* which makes the present writer assert that by far the most important phase of our national art endeavor is the quasi-renascence of decorative painting which dates from a scant score of years. Its examples are scattered far and wide, fixed in place in localities where no other form of art has as yet entered; it counts for nothing in our usual art exhibitions; its practitioners are thought to be following a specialization almost outside of art in the belief of their fellow painters, and when rarely shown in some special exhibition before being sent to the place for which they are painted they elicit only a perfunctory notice from the professed critics of art altogether incommensurate to their importance.

"Yet it is in this field, barren of contemporary honor, that many of our best figure painters, men whose larger culture comprises technical training equal to the best of their fellows, choose to labor; and here John La Farge was at once the dean and the leader.

"Excellent as has been in many instances the work done by other men, the work of La Farge stood alone as an example of the grand style in decoration which comes down to us from the older

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masters, notably from those chambers of the Vatican where Michelangelo and Raphael reign supreme. Surrounded as was La Farge by men who were trained to draw the figure better than he, by men as conversant with all that has been done in the past, by those younger and consequently more apparently malleable to these great influences, he alone appeared to be in direct affiliation with the half dozen great masters of the past. Before his great works for the Church of the Ascension, for Bowdoin College and for the State Capitol of Minnesota, one can concede their obvious errors in draftsmanship—though even here there is oftentimes a strange and personal quality of form—may recognize even bold transference of other men's work or deplore the reliance upon the photograph as a substitute for the more composite drawing from nature. But with all these reservations there remains this continuity of expression, this survival of a style long lost to the world, transfusing the strong personality of the painter. This and the gift of color, intense, expressive and almost resonant at times, were the dominant qualities of this great artist who has gone to join his kind; and, to paraphrase the dying words of Reynolds, Raphael, Veronese and Rubens, 'are of the company.'"

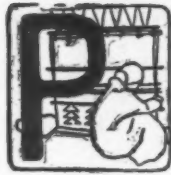
LEGACIES

NIGHTS that have covered me with balm,
And touched me with their breath,
Have left me something of the calm,
The starry peace of death.

The rainbows that have smiled on me
In age and happy youth,
Have left me all the mystery
And loveliness of truth.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

MY VIEWS REGARDING TRUE AND A FALSE SCIENCE: BY COUNT LEON TOLSTOY



SEUDO-SCIENCE is one of the principal causes of the unhappiness from which mankind is now suffering; of the division of humanity into the ruling and the oppressed classes—slaves and masters; and also of the hatred and ill-will which has its origin in this division. It gives the ruling classes the opportunity of oppressing others, and it robs the oppressed of the possibility of freeing themselves from their slavery. And the rulers—I mean not only the Government, but all ruling classes—know this, and in order not to lose the power, they make use of so-called science, and destroy true science, which is capable of bringing to light their unlawful, criminal life.

Those who comprise the Government and the governing classes, know that everything depends upon whether the common people obtain true or false knowledge, and, therefore, they support and further all the idle, unnecessary researches and investigations of every description, which they designate as science, while true science which teaches us how to live righteously, they classify as “unscientific,”—as belonging to the sphere of religion, and, therefore, as having nothing to do with science

In Russia, the Government, and in other Christian countries, the upper classes, look upon religion as not being amenable to reason, and all religious things, therefore, are regarded in the light of holy and everlasting truth in spite of their obvious senselessness. The sphere of science, however, includes, of necessity, investigation and experimentation. And although the subjects comprising pseudo-science are in themselves vain and empty, nevertheless nothing is included in them which is senseless or contradictory to common sense.

The sphere of religion, on the other hand, is full of irrational miracles and dogmas directly contradictory to common sense, and in many cases, to all feelings of morality, while no one dares to try to remove them.

Thus, it happens that the common people who seek enlightenment, and there are millions of them who do, find only two possibilities, namely, the antiquated, narrow-minded religious doctrines, which are regarded as inviolable, or the nonentities called science which are considered almost as sacred by the ruling classes. The common people almost always choose what is regarded as science, filling their heads with superfluous learning, and thus lose their respect for the moral doctrines of life which are to be found—in a corrupt form—in religious faith. And as soon as they have set foot

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on this path, they lose the proper appreciation of real, true science, and become mere tools in the hands of the ruling classes in order to help keep their neighbors in servitude.

The principal harm of false science is not that it fills people's heads with superfluous knowledge, gives to the ruling classes the possibility of increasing their power over the working classes, and by its theological, philosophical, legal, historical and patriotic lies deceives the common people, but that it usurps the place of true science.

AT FIRST sight it appears astonishing that what was intended to work for the good of mankind should become one of the chief causes of human misfortune. If what is called science was the product of the thought of mankind as a whole it would not be harmful. But where it is the result of the thought of that portion of mankind which leads a corrupt, idle life, at the expense of the working masses, it cannot be otherwise than false and harmful.

If thieves, living by their robberies and thievery, were to construct for themselves a science, it would be the science of how to rob and steal in the easiest manner, how to obtain weapons for their requirements and how to make useful to themselves the people who have been plundered. It is the same with the science of the ruling classes.

"But," say the men of learning, "even if science cannot be useful except for a certain class, such subjects as physics, chemistry, astronomy, history and especially mathematics, cannot in themselves be harmful, but must widen one's horizon, and by their practical application be of great service to mankind. If it is not good in itself that there have been, and are, people who do not have to support themselves, yet, what they have accomplished is not, on that account, of less value to mankind."

No! This excuse is no justification for what we call science. Suppose that there are a thousand families on an island, living by laboriously cultivating the soil, and that one family possesses the greater part of the island, and taking advantage of the need of the others, builds a fine house with every possible comfort; terraces, pictures, statuary, mirrors, expensive horses, motor cars, orchards and greenhouses, fountains, tennis courts, etc. What will happen to all these beautiful things if this one family loses its power and the other nine hundred and ninety-nine families come into possession?

However beautiful all these things are in themselves, the inhabitants of the island collectively cannot make use of them all. They need, in common, something quite different, e.g., good roads, water-

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pipes, gardens; they need first, prosperity, which has no connection with terraces, statuary, motor cars, orangeries, flower-gardens, tennis courts and fountains. All of these things which in themselves are beautiful, may increase the comfort of the individual inhabitants of the island, but are by no means a necessity either to themselves or to future generations. The increasing prosperity of the inhabitants collectively, demands quite different things.

IT IS the same both with theoretical and practical knowledge, which the wealthy classes have brought to a too high degree of perfection. There is no reason to suppose that knowledge and the different degrees of its development among people who lead a life in common, without caste distinctions, will be the same among people who lead, not through their own labor but the labor of others, an exclusive life. Neither is there any reason for supposing that those who live a life in common, without caste distinctions, will ever go into the question of organisms, the size and composition of the stars, the deeds of Alexander the Great, the principles of criminal and ecclesiastic law, the cure of diseases caused by immoderation, etc.

It is also difficult to suppose that people who lead a life in common, and who study the questions of true science, i.e., what each person must do in order to lead a good life, will ever find time to study air-ships, thirty-storied buildings, gramophones, submarines and all the wonderful things produced by applied science. Those who study true science have always too much else to do. They will spend their time telling everyone what must be done in order that others do not suffer, or are prevented from cultivating the land on which they were born; they must see that there are no women who give their bodies up to prostitution; that the evil results of drunkenness, opium and tobacco disappear; that there are no more wars and executions, and that religious deception should cease. Those who study true science will have enough to do to teach how each man must bring up children well, how to live well, how to feed well and how to cultivate the land.

Money is taken from the common people to build institutions in which some people are permitted to learn and others not. It is exactly determined what they shall study, and what kind of a diploma—by which diploma the possibility is obtained of living on others—they shall receive for each study.

The acquisition of knowledge is rewarded and combined with advantages. It is as if people were rewarded for eating the kind of food which is prepared for them, while every other kind of food is to them forbidden.

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IS NOT the case the same with what is called science? The ruling classes know that they can only exist as long as their false science reigns and true science is hidden. They know that true science only needs to take the place of false in order to put an end to their rule; for then it will be impossible for them to buy assistants from among the working people in order to oppress the remainder.

The ruling classes know this, and, therefore, do their best to lead the working people to false science, and to frighten them away from true science.

What must we do to free ourselves from this obvious deception? We must not submit to it.

This means that parents should not send their children to the schools, established by the upper classes, in which they are corrupted; and that young men and women should not renounce the necessary work of life and enter the educational institutions formed for their destruction.

The common people must not go to the schools established by the Government, and all unnecessary, false science will be destroyed, and the true science, which is always and everywhere necessary and suited for human nature, will come to the fore. In spite of the efforts of those (to whom true science brings no advantages) who would suppress it, true science will and must always exist among men. It finds its expression in the various religious and moral teachings which renounce false or pseudo-science, and also, but in an incomplete and distorted form, in the teachings of communism and socialism.

All that man needs, is not to believe in, and not to study science which is introduced by force and rewards, but to accept free science, which teaches how to live a good life, according to the will of God who dwells in each man's heart. Then the division of mankind into higher and lower classes, rulers and oppressed, will disappear along with a great part of the existing misery.

True and free science, which cannot be bought, and which is not learned in order to obtain a diploma, but to know the truth; which is not studied for the sake of money, but in order to be transmitted to our fellow creatures, exists, and has always existed, and can be studied without attending schools and universities. It is taught verbally by good and wise men, and in books by the great sages and saints of the past.

This is my view of true and false science, where the harm lies and how it can be overcome.

OLD ENGLISH INNS: THEIR VALUE TO THE TRAVELER: BY ANNA BIRD STEWART



YEAR after year, people write books and articles on the castles, abbeys and cathedrals of England, yet of all the things I have seen in that old country, surely they did not impress me most. My keenest thrills of the joy of travel came in England from the old inns. Not but what the ruins and famous buildings are both interesting and beautiful, but in the inns we get down close to the people. As the cathedrals tell us of their aspirations and the castles bring back the glories of knighthood and chivalry, so do these little public houses give us a glimpse of their everyday lives.

There are many kinds of inns to be found in the little island, more or less ancient. The "Black Swan" in York, to which Nathaniel Hawthorne gave the reputation of an exceptionally good hotel, although now it seems to be used more as a mere taproom, has few enough wrinkles for its years. In its coffee room a printed poster dated seventeen hundred and six informs the traveling public that "the stage coach will leave the 'Black Swan' in London and arrive at the 'Black Swan' in York with God's permission in four days." It was an ancient hostelry then. The "Angel" in Old Boston owns to four hundred years, proof enough that angels are not feminine. The "Seven Stars" in Manchester has held a license for five hundred and forty consecutive years. It served as the meeting place for Guy Fawkes' band of conspirators, and the light through its small paned windows shines at present upon a wonderful collection of old boots, swords and similar relics of that and other historic episodes. The "Seven Stars" has, however, gone the way of all good inns—it has become little more than a taproom.

This is probably due to the building of new and more commodious hotels on a large scale. Most inns in consequence derive their present-day income from the sale of drinks and from the serving of luncheon to chance travelers. Yet it is possible even in the smaller places to get a room if one asks for it. By telegraphing ahead the whole inn may often be reserved for one party, for many of them boast of no more than three or four bedrooms. There is no better way of getting close to the old times.

The moist climate of England makes drinking more of a necessity than it is with us, and the "public" is the meeting place for the local population. "Let's 'ave a pint o' fours," a guest from the countryside will call out. Should he wish to make a profound impression upon his neighbors, the pint at fourpence the quart will become a pint of fives or even of sixes. Here until ten o'clock is the center of pathos and tragedy of local life. At ten, the country



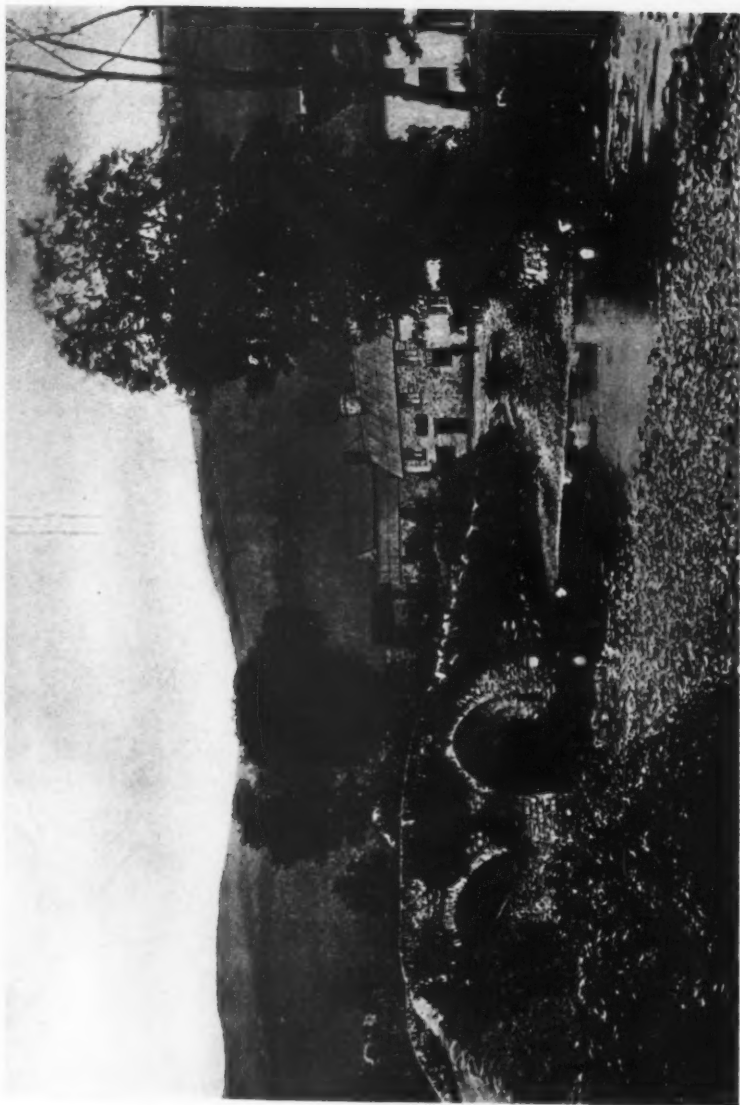
THE COURTYARD OF THE "NEW
INN" IN OLD GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND.



"THE SEVEN STARS" AT MANCHESTER, ENGLAND:
LICENSED OVER FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



CUTTER INN, A CHARMING RESTING PLACE
NEAR THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT ELY.



A VIEW OF MALMSMEAD INN
AND BRIDGE, EXMOUTH, ENGLAND,

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inns close by inexorable law, and the men go back to their one- or two-room cottages, crowded with children, and perhaps the week's washing hanging around to dry.

TO BE sure, it is possible for guests to be present in the inn and yet know nothing of the happenings of the "public," just as one might live in an American hotel without passing through the bar. Yet every visitor will want a peep at one of the oldest national institutions of what is most eloquently called "the tight little isle." The curious are rewarded with a whiff of the tobacco smoke of a hundred years past, for though the "public" is scrubbed out daily, a trace of the incense clings round it still.

Among all hostelries, the waterside inn is perhaps the most delightful. It is fresh and restful, free from the noise and dust of the highways, and almost every window gives a glimpse of lazy current, a green bank, or a giant overhanging tree. The famous "Cutter Inn" at Ely near Norwich, lies close along the shore of the Ouse. Perhaps few of the tourists at the Ely Cathedral with its unique Gothic dome, know of the equally charming little resting place they might secure close by.

Waterside inns are imitated all along the rivers, especially those leading to the cities, by open-air tea-gardens. Often these are no more than small backyards fitted up with benches, tables and chairs. They depend for existence upon pleasure parties coming by steamer from London or the particular large city in their own neighborhood. To attract notice, they hang out modest signs. One can secure at such places an excellent meal for a shilling.

Most of the inns in England, especially those with any pretensions to age, are of a similar type of architecture, seen also in the older hospitals, free schools and other ancient institutions. An arched passage leads from the street front. Carriages and wagons rumble over the huge paving stones of the passage into the enclosed courtyard upon which open the rooms of the inn. On either side of this arch are doors leading to the different parts of the inn, on one the coffee rooms and public apartments, on the other sleeping chambers and private parlors for the guests. Within are winding corridors, meandering staircases, passages that lead in and out to no place. One ceases to look down upon the knowledge and acquirements of the dwellers in old days after a study of the bewildering geography of the ancient inns.

One can find in the quaint raftered rooms, old prints and stained engravings, ancient china, earthenware, pewter and brass. Here often feather beds, electric lights, private baths and wooden latches

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unite in anachronous confusion. But in the end, the old triumphs, and one catches the faint elusive odor of past days. Nothing like it is known in this new continent, yet once live in an English inn, the old is conjured up through the senses until it becomes the living reality, while you yourself and the mere present sink into figments of imagination.

MANY an inn is a historic building in itself. The "Red Lion" in Old Boston was once the property of an ancient guild. Here in its open courtyard strolling players acted out their comedies and tragedies upon a rudely built stage. In the "Rum Puncheon" of the same town was born John Fox, who had he known what name the succeeding hostelry was to bear, might have added himself as one of his "Book of Martyrs." Some sportsman inns, such as the "Hare and Hounds" and the "Fox" date from old stage-coach days. Many of the keepers' lodges on the big estates have been turned into inns for the benefit of the tourists who flock to see the historic buildings. The lover of literary haunts on his visit to Grasmere should not miss the inn in the village where Sir Walter Scott went daily for his draught during his stay with the poet Wordsworth, who would keep no wine or liquor in his house. It is a plain, homely place, proof enough of the great novelist's simple tastes, with a painted swan on the door and beneath it this legend, a modest tribute to greatness, "Scott's Swan Inn."

Perhaps it is the age of the old hostelries that accounts for their strange names, so often suggestive of that "unnatural natural history" which John Lily helped to make popular in the days of good Queen Bess. Along with "Black Swans," "White Swans," "Peacocks" and a "Gray Goose," come "Red Lions," "Blue Boars," "Green Dragons," "Black Bulls," "Pied Bulls," "Red Cows," "Black Bears," "White Bears," "Roebucks," "Rams," "Unicorns" and "Whales" with no more bad feeling toward each other than is engendered in the mild competition of a sleepy business.

But zoology has not monopolized the names of the old taverns, as is shown in such signs as: "Saracen's Head," "Maid's Head," "Bear and Ragged Staff," "Ax and Cleaver," "Indian Queen," "Loggerhead," "Tankard," and "Traveler's Rest."

The prettiest inn throughout all England might almost be paraphrased the "Prevaricator's Paradise," for its own name the "New Inn" is utterly belied by the mass of ivy, no hasty growth, that festoons its walls.

Whether the traveler stops at the "New Inn" or the frankly ancient "Seven Stars," there will doubtless be but little difference in

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his simple meal. Mutton, whose like he has never before tasted, either in joints or chops, will probably be part of his fare, potatoes, the unknown vegetable marrow, akin to our American squash, other familiar vegetables of more delicate flavor than he has ever eaten, bacon and greens, fresh eggs, an occasional meat pie, rather poor bread, miserable coffee, delicious tea, gooseberry tarts, cakes, pears, plums,—there is the menu for practically the whole island. In the Lake District one can of course expect trout. However simple, the food is wholesome and good.

Added to the food, he will find more varieties of hop and malt liquor than could be imagined, beginning with bitter ale, and ending with hop-champagne, a foaming, vivacious drink not unlike bottled cider.

THE more expensive inns charge from twelve to twenty-five shillings a day, corresponding to the "three to five dollar" charge of the American hotel. This includes three substantial meals and the inevitable afternoon tea. Cheaper inns may be secured, however, in almost every vicinity. For sightseers an arrangement for breakfast and dinner only would be more convenient, thus allowing of luncheon wherever one happened to be.

The bill, as with all English hotel bills, will invariably include the item "service." No one has ever been able to find out why, for all the servants expect a fee nevertheless. The amount of such a fee is of course regulated by the length of the stay, but would seldom be more than a shilling for regular attendance and sixpence for more casual services, given at the time of departure.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has an amusing description of this transaction: "You can know when you have less than satisfied them by the aspect of the waiter,—not disrespectful in the slightest degree, but a look of profound surprise, a gaze at the offered coin (which he nevertheless pockets), as if he either did not see it, or did not know it, or could not believe his eyesight,—all this, however, with the most quiet forbearance, a Christian-like non-recognition of an unmerited wrong and insult." Underpay an English waiter just once to test the exactness of Hawthorne's description!

For the old traveler who knows England nothing could be more delightful than the vivid re-creation of the past by the simple dwelling in its own buildings. On the other hand, the traveler seeing England for the first time can in no other way step into the spirit of the place so quickly, or see so much. Go visit the cathedrals, the abbeys, and the castles, to be sure, but *live* in the inns!

THE KING WHO WISHED TO BE GOOD: BY WALTER A. DYER



ONCE upon a time there lived a king who desired to be good. His father had been so wicked that his people hated him, and when the old King died and the young King ascended the throne, the kingdom was in a sorry state and almost on the point of rebellion. Now the old King's sins were too numerous to catalogue. His infidelity broke the Queen's heart, and in a drunken rage he slew his only brother. In discovering novel forms of wickedness he showed an ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

Being a very bad old King, he paid little attention to the upbringing of his son, who consequently grew up entirely under his mother's influence. The Queen was not a prodigiously wise woman, but experience had taught her the baneful effects of wickedness, and her teachings consisted largely in telling the young Prince what not to do. She made him see to what condition the kingdom had come because of his father's wickedness. She showed him the ugliness of sin. She made him desire to shun it; she made him want to be good, but she taught him only how not to be bad.

So when the old King died and the young King reigned in his stead, he let it be known that he wished to be a good King. The people were very glad, for they were weary of royal vice, and they acclaimed the new King joyfully. "Now," said they, "we shall be a happy people again."

The King married a Princess from a neighboring realm, and when the people saw that he bade fair to be an exemplary husband, they rejoiced. He banished all the designing women and reckless roysterers from his court, and established good men and ladies in their places. He caused extortion to cease and made peace with his neighbors. Then he seated himself quietly on his throne and devoted himself to the task of being a just and honorable monarch.

Years went by, and the King did no evil. He devoted himself exclusively to the avoidance of sin. But somehow he warmed not the people's hearts. There had been some who loved the old King in spite of his wickedness, for he could be a jolly good fellow when he would; but few there were who really loved his son. Both court and kingdom sank into a sort of righteous lethargy.

By and by a famine came. The rains fell not, and blight ruined the corn. The crops failed, and there was much misery when winter came.

The King ordered certain sanitary measures to be taken, and saw to it that the police redoubled their vigilance to prevent

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thieving, and any other crime which the hard times might encourage.

But murmurings and grumblings arose among the people, and when they reached the ears of the King in his comfortable palace, he was surprised and grieved.

"The people must be patient," said he. "They should remember how much worse was their plight under a wicked King."

But the murmurings grew louder, until one day a delegation of citizens came to the gates of the royal castle and demanded that something be done for their relief.

The King was alarmed and hastily summoned his council, but they gave him no consolation.

"Hunger and suffering have wrought the people to a frenzy," they said. "Nothing can be done till another harvest."

At his wit's end the King at last sent for Fra Dominique, an old hermit who was reputed to be very wise.

"What shall I do?" cried the King in despair. "The people are turning against me—me, who have always been called Rudolph the Good."

"What hast thou done?" asked Fra Dominique.

"Done?" cried the King, mistaking his meaning; "I have done nothing. I have never ground down the people as my father did, but now they turn against me."

"But what hast thou done to make them love thee?" asked the sage. "Hast gone among them, taking bread to the hungry and comfort to the sick? Hast ever spoken a kind word to old men or young mothers?"

"Ah," broke in King Rudolph, with a smile, "thou dost not understand. Those are not kingly tasks. Thou hast lived so long in thy mountain hut that thou hast forgotten how the affairs of men are conducted. It is for the King to rule, not to act as almoner or physician."

"Nay," replied Fra Dominique, "then I cannot help thee," and shaking his hoary old head, he hobbled out of the audience room, while the courtiers tittered behind their hands.

The discontent grew apace as winter advanced, and suffering increased. The royal palace was practically in a state of siege, and the King slept in a coat of mail for fear of his own people.

But the young Queen, who had been born in a happier kingdom, heard the words of the old hermit and pondered them in her heart. And after the sun had set she slipped out to the cottage of Simon the gardener, whose wife lay sick of the fever. There she learned much that gave her food for thought, and on the following day she

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took bread and wine and went forth into the town, trembling and afraid, but steadfast in her purpose. She called at the old cobbler's shop and left food for his starving little ones, for there were no shoes to be made in those lean days. She visited the crusty old miller and gave him gold for flour which she left at the homes of the needy.

The next day she went forth again, and the next, and the next.

The people at first received her coldly and with suspicion, but soon they began to doff their caps and curtsy when she approached, and finally to follow her in the streets to kiss the hem of her robe. Her heart went out to the stricken and forlorn, and they blessed her and called her Madeline the Kind.

The Queen saw that she was doing but little to alleviate the sufferings of the people, so at last she sent her jewels by a trusty courier to her father, and in the early Spring great wains came over the mountains laden with grain, and flocks of sheep were driven into the valley to provide food and raiment for the stricken people.

Then came the work of sowing and cultivating, and with the prospect of good crops the people ceased their murmurings, and the King rested in peace. He rode forth again on his big roan mare, and the people saluted him as of yore.

"There rides Rudolph the Good," said some.

"Yes," said others, "but wait, and thou may'st have a glimpse of his Queen, Madeline the Kind."

At the head of his glittering cavalcade King Rudolph passed on beyond the town and out among the greening fields, and his heart swelled with pride.

"Ah," he cried, "see what it is to be a good King!"

Then he bethought himself of old Fra Dominique, and being in the mood, he urged his good mare up the winding path to the hermit's hut. There he found the old sage poring over an ancient manuscript.

"Good morrow, Fra Dominique," he cried, leaping from his horse. "And how is the gay world using thee?"

"Better than I deserve," replied the hermit.

"Why sayest thou so?" asked the King. "Thou art a good man."

"A man may be as good as a saint," quoth the hermit, "but he is an old man who has lived long enough to do all the good that the world deserves of him."

"Thou speakest in riddles," laughed the King. "See yonder fields with their growing corn, and the men singing at their work. They are happy because they have a good King, Fra Dominique."

"Nay," answered the hermit, "it is because they have a good

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Queen. Listen, and I will give thee the truth of it. There is but one amulet that will ward off woe—one talisman that brings sleep to the pillow of King or peasant. It is the talisman Goodness. On one side of it is written the word Morality, and on the other, Kindness. It is incomplete and useless without both. To do no evil is not all of goodness. My stool does no evil. To be kind is not enough. My dog is kind to me, but he worries Goodwife Gretchen's cat. Wear this talisman and thou wilt be indeed a good King."

But Rudolph was already weary of good counsel, and leaping on his mare he dashed down the hill with his merry cavaliers; while Fra Dominique bethought him of a certain very rich young man who had kept the law from his youth up, but when the Master bade him sell all he had and distribute unto the poor, he was very sorrowful, for he was very rich.

ACCORDING to the comic papers, at least, the New Year is the time for the making of good resolutions. Why do we do it? What is the object of this annual turning over of the new leaf? What is that impulse in men and women that makes them feel that they have not been good enough? This being good is an odd thing, when you come to think of it. And the oddest thing about it is that we don't think about it—at least not to reason it out at all. We take it for granted that being good is at once a desirable and a difficult thing, and its difficulty is the chief thing that bothers us.

When we resolve to take more exercise, we do it with a distinct purpose; our livers are torpid or our belts too tight. When we resolve to read more literature and less newspaper, we do it because some one has made us feel ashamed of our ignorance. We say "I will eat less," or "I will save money," but we do not often say "I will be a good person," any more than we say "I will wear shoes," or, "Heaven helping me, I will breathe." We may not be good as easily as we breathe, but we do not question its desirability.

The fact remains that plenty of people are not good, and may even possess a subconscious doubt as to the sense of it. Still, it is usually rather a matter of temperament; it comes more natural to some than to others.

But it isn't easy for anyone to be good, and since it is so very hard for some, it is worth while raising the question as to the value of goodness. If it isn't really worth while, why bother with New-Year resolutions and all that sort of thing? Why not be wicked and have a good time?

Old saws are mostly wrong, and we know it. "Be good and

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you'll be happy" convinces no one. "The wicked flourish as a green bay tree" no longer seems to contain a vital truth. The attitude of the naturally virtuous, that it is right to be good, simply begs the question. And so certain ultra-radicals arise and say it is right to be bad, and we are hard put to it for an answer. They shock us, Elbert Hubbard-wise, with brilliant and subversive epigrams, and we are not prepared with an adequate rejoinder.

Leaving piety aside—for that, it seems to me, is a manifestation of an entirely different impulse—let us consider of what goodness actually consists. I suppose we would all work it out in different ways, but to me it seems possible to divide goodness into two main elements: morality, which is negative and passive, and kindness, which is positive and active.

Morality is comprehended in the observation of the "Thou shalt not" portion of the Decalogue. I need not enumerate the Commandments. The moral man is the one who not only commits none of these sins, but avoids actions which border on them. Thus, the strictly moral man does not misrepresent, cheat, bribe, flirt with his neighbor's wife, or get drunk.

Good people have made a religion of morality, when what it needs is a reasonable philosophy. Morality has actually a secure, logical basis, only we have lost sight of that and have taken as an axiom what is actually a Q. E. D. If we were only familiar with the steps of the demonstration we would be armed against scoffers and against doubts. I actually heard a man, accused of immoral action, ask, "Why not?" and no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. To have said "Because it is wrong" would have been merely absurd.

Nietzsche says, "Morality is the herd instinct in the individual." He needn't have been so scornful about it, for his definition expresses a perfectly valid reason why. When analyzed, it means that we inherit from the experience of countless generations of human beings the consciousness that the only way to live comfortably together is morally. Among these far-off ancestors were those who robbed, murdered and took other liberties with each other, and that manner of living proved disastrous. It has therefore become a part of our human instinct to regard immoral living as upsetting and entangling, and when this ancient truth is applied to the individual it works out just as completely as with the race.

We are trying for a little broadening of the mental horizon—you and I—for a little soul expansion and spiritual growth. We are after the richer life, and wickedness is bound to retard us in our quest. Wickedness complicates life. The simple, straightforward

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way of living is what gives our souls a chance to grow and so to become of some value to us. Uprightness, morality, truth and decency give a clear, clean foundation for the richer life, while vice is a smothering force.

So, for that matter, is Puritanism. Puritanism has done a great deal to strengthen our love for virtue, but it is an unreasoning, dogmatic thing—a blind leader of the blind. It builds a pontoon bridge across the morass; it does not touch bottom.

Moreover, Puritanism is most annoying to certain minds, and stirs up a harmful antagonism to the good that is in it. We must see clearly if we are to advance.

Truth, be it said in passing, is much misunderstood. There are those radicals who make a fetish of truth without understanding it. Because truth is naked, they seem to consider all nakedness truth. I have little patience with them.

Finally, there is the semi-moral man who believes that honesty is the best policy. It is; only the man who is honest for policy's sake misses the point. He is thinking of the opinion of his neighbors, and not of his own soul. One can get away from one's neighbors, glory be, but one must live a lifetime with one's own soul.

Morality, therefore, is the avoidance of the entanglements of vice, and I contend that it is essential to the richer life, even for men of genius, who, by the way, are often conspicuously immoral and conspicuously unhappy. They live on jagged mountain peaks; the average man is better off on a plateau.

Morality is essential, but I contend that it is merely negative and passive. It clears the way and makes soul-growth possible, but it does not make the soul grow. Something active must be added. The cultivator must be used after the plow. Christian ethics teaches us that faith without works is void, and the good King was only half good, after all.

If we are to bother at all with good resolutions this year, I would suggest taking a little thought on the subject of kindness. Kindness—or charity—is the active force of Christianity. Buddhist, Brahmin, Mohammedan, Confucian—all are moral, but only the Master taught the great truth of kindness. Kindness added to morality completes goodness. Kindness makes the world a better place to live in. Kindness dries up tears, heals wounds, feeds the hungry, comforts the distressed.

The followers of Nietzsche would have none of this. Their Superman should climb to lonely heights on the necks of his less fortunate fellows. I would not be that Superman for worlds. I believe that when he reaches that sublime height he will own a soul as shriveled

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as a last year's pear, and will enjoy it about as much. Nietzsche has missed the whole point of the Sermon on the Mount. Kindness is something he cannot understand, and I pity him.

It takes a man-sized mind to comprehend the full meaning of kindness. Only one great Teacher understood it perfectly. I can remember how utterly beyond my grasp it was when I was a child. If I could bring myself to live one day without committing some serious childish sin, I was puffed with pride. Kindness was, I felt, a virtue reserved for mothers and other untempted persons. And I can't say truthfully that I have fully outgrown that feeling.

It is not easy to be kind. It is much more difficult than to be moral. It requires the strength of a grown man. It means more than mere forbearance and amiability. Gentleness is a mark of power, not of weakness.

But oh, how kindness helps the soul to grow! How it enriches life! How it extends the personality to include other people, and broadens the outlook of life! It gives us purpose, poise, direction. It gives groundwork and foundation to life. It provides something to live for when all else crashes in ruins about our ears. I fancy a really kind man would not think of suicide. And it furnishes one of the most interesting, alluring occupations imaginable.

And the best of it is that anyone can be kind. It requires no special talent, no unusual advantages of training. It is harder for some men to be kind than to get rich, but kindness can be achieved by many, riches by a few.

Yes, I think it is worth trying—this being good. I don't know what or where Heaven is; I don't much believe in Hell. But I do know that I would hate to enter Eternity—whatever Eternity may be—with the soul of a Machiavelli. Wherever our souls go, if they go anywhere when we die, they will be bare souls. They will be exposed to the full glare of the great white light that beats about the Throne, and there will be no covering those souls with fine raiment—no excusing their condition with clever sophistries. We cannot look into the future, but it is in our power to prepare our souls for whatever may happen, and I should prefer to take my chances with a soul that had not been choked with wickedness or stunted for lack of exercise. And if nothing happens at all—if annihilation is the end of life—at least goodness will not have done us a bit of harm.



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"PRIMITIVE MAN": A DETAIL:
AUGUSTE RODIN, SCULPTOR.



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN): LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

NEW YORK'S TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN



VER five thousand people packed Carnegie Hall the evening of November thirtieth to do honor to Mark Twain. Among these were artists and literary people from all over the United States, many his friends and all his admirers. At the beginning of the evening Mr. William Dean Howells, who was chosen to preside, said that it would never do to make a solemn thing of this memorial. "If the mood and make of our commemoration could be left to Mark Twain," said he, "we might imagine him saying:

"Why, of course, you mustn't make a solemnity of it; you mustn't have it that sort of obsequy. I should want you to be serious about me—that is, sincere; and you couldn't be sincere if you ran to eulogy. But we don't object here to any man's affection; we like to be liked as well as ever, and if any of you can remember some creditable thing about me I shouldn't mind his telling it, provided always he didn't blink the palliating circumstances, the mitigating motives, the selfish considerations, that accompany every noble action.

"I shouldn't like to be made out a miracle of humor, either, and left a stumbling block for anyone who was intending to be moderately amusing and instructive hereafter. At the same time I don't suppose a commemoration is exactly the occasion for dwelling on a man's shortcomings in his life or his literature or for realizing that he has entered upon an immortality of oblivion."

And at the close Dr. Van Dyke's poem to Mark Twain was read:

"We knew you well, dear Yorick of the West,
The very soul of large and friendly jest,
That loved and mocked the broad grotesque of things,
In this New World where all the folk are kings.

Your breezy humor cleared the air with sport
Of shams that haunt the democratic court—
For even where the sovereign people rule,
A human monarch needs a royal fool.

Your native drawl lent flavor to your wit;
Your arrows lingered but they always hit;
Homeric mirth around the circle ran,
But left no wound upon the heart of man.

We knew you kind in trouble, brave in pain,
We saw your honor kept without a stain;
We read this lesson of our Yorick's years—
True wisdom comes with laughter and with tears."

**“NORWAY’S BEATING HEART”: BJÖRNSON,
THE GUARDIAN OF HIS COUNTRY: BY
HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN**



NOT far from Björnstjerne Björnson's home, near one of the roads that wind through his beloved Gudbrandsdalen, there is a great rock face. Hung high above the road, it flashes upon the traveler with startling vividness, for the face is that of Björnson himself. Jutting rocks form the strong, keen profile; underneath the bushy eyebrows one might almost fancy the eyes gleaming. Above the face trees form the mane of hair and the familiar cap that Björnson wore when at home. Norwegians call the face "the Guardian."

So should Björnson's face be limned. He was a man hewn out of the rocks of his native country with the sparkle of its rushing waters and the music of its dark soughing pines in his soul. Like the face in the mountain he towers above his people and is yet one of them, their guardian for half a century.

It is said of Björnson that whenever he entered an assembly where there was a high seat he took it instinctively. In his early youth he felt in himself the power to become a chief among his people, and almost as early he realized that when greatness came to him it would come through liberating and drawing to the light those who were poor and obscure and lowly in the community. As a boy in school he organized the little boys to lick the big bullies. By this boyish prank he caught in his hand the blood-red thread of heart-fellowship with the weak which was to run through all the beautiful, varied web of his life.

Long before his death Björnson was known as "Norway's uncrowned king." Equally true is his other familiar title, "Norway's beating heart." He gained his kingship not by being aloof from the people, but by being one with them, living their life, sharing their struggles, thinking their thoughts. Few men have given out so much in love and service; few have received so much. He once said in amused triumph that however much his countrymen might revile him they could not do without him. As an instance he mentioned that some political opponents had broken his windows and departed singing the national anthem of which Björnson was himself the author.

There is in Norway a peasant aristocracy, many members of which can trace their lineage back to the great men of the sagas. Some of the saga simplicity is still in their thought, its brevity and pithiness in their speech. Such a peasant is as proudly exclusive as

“NORWAY’S BEATING HEART”

any nobleman and has as strong a sense of personal dignity. He will extend the hand of fellowship to a king without being abashed.

It was from such people that Björnson sprang. His mother was of an artist family, a relative of the composer Nordraak, but a branch of her house traced its descent to the old Norse kings before the accession of a foreign dynasty. Björnson was very proud of this fact. His father was of peasant origin and had been a farmer before studying for the ministry, but counted among his ancestors one of the peasant poets whose songs at weddings and christenings became the tradition of a whole valley.

IN HIS father’s country parish Björnson as a boy gained an intimate knowledge of the peasants. His reputation as a fighter and a teller of stories is still fresh in the district. His first literary success came—not after long years of waiting as it did to Ibsen—but early and with one stroke. It came with his first idyl of peasant life. In it he touched an absolutely unworn string, and it gave a music so sweet, so tender and fresh that it caressed the ear, and yet so keen, so pungent that it came again and again insistently until its lesson was driven home.

It opened the eyes of the upper classes, still living on the remains of a foreign culture, to the treasures of their own national life. He showed the romanticists, still enamored of French Arcadian shepherdesses, the finer, purer idyls of their own peasant boys and girls. But he did more than that. He roused the peasants to a sense of their own value. He borrowed the saga style with its terseness and reserve, and by using it in his treatment of the present-day peasants he seemed to link them to that glorious past of which they were in fact the lineal heirs. Its effect in the nationalization of his country can hardly be measured in this generation.

In one of his early stories, “Arne,” he describes a young peasant poet who longs for the larger life beyond the mountains, but at last finds his happiness and his life-work among his own people in the valley. It was in fact Björnson’s own story at a certain period of his life. His happy marriage helped to bind his restless spirit down to sober work among real people.

The chieftain spirit in him could not be satisfied with any mere literary activity. As a student in the university he became active in the first labor agitation of the country and narrowly escaped jail. He led an army of six hundred students to hiss from the boards the Danish language that still dominated the Norwegian stage. It was one of his most spectacular battles to overthrow the bushel of foreign culture that hid the national life, and it was successful.

“NORWAY’S BEATING HEART”

The conservative element which had approved, when the young writer used the peasants as literary material, was startled when he demanded that these same peasants should be heard in the councils of the young nation. When he had joined the new liberal political movement his house was shunned by all but two or three of the friends of his own class, among them Edvard Grieg, but it was a gathering-place for the peasants that came to Christiania.

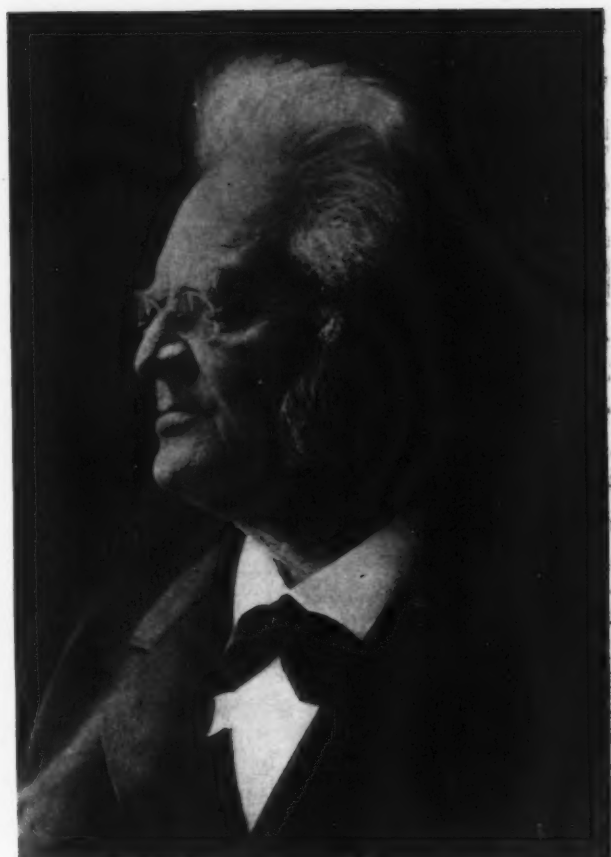
AT THIS time he realized his wish to found a permanent home. He was able to buy an old historic farm in one of the broad, fertile valleys of southern Norway. He resurrected its old name and became known in the peasant nomenclature with the name of his farm as “Father Aulestad” or simply “the Aulestad.”

It was one of his beliefs that every man should own a bit of the earth. He wanted to work in conjunction with the sun and rain and the growing forces of nature. That was the only way, he said, to preserve a healthy outlook on life. So he built roads and fences and reclaimed waste land in the same spirit in which he opened new channels for thought and tore down time-honored prejudices.

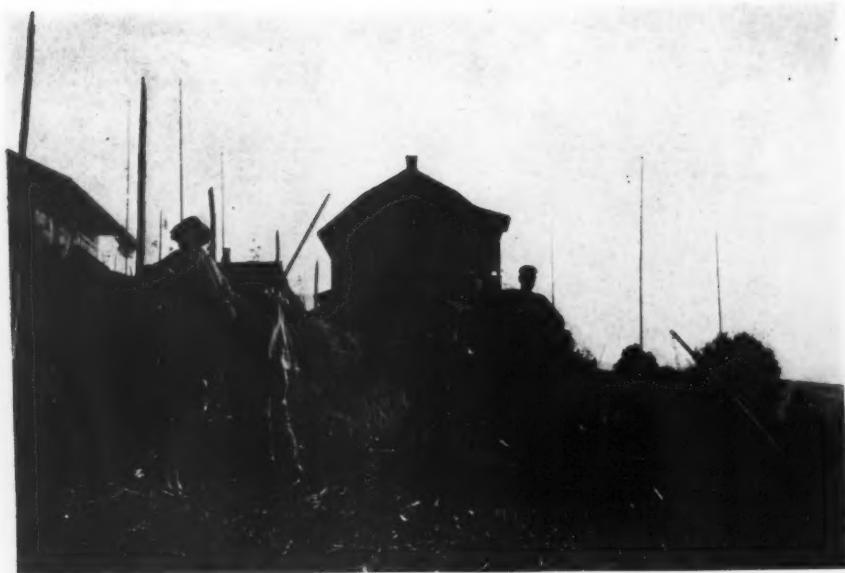
The Aulestad farm gave full play to his primeval instinct for conquering the earth. Strangers traveling in Norway often say that the rocks piled high at the edge of every field give the clue to the toughness of the Norwegian character. Björnson’s farm was fertile, but it was of the kind that seems to “sweat rocks”; the ground cleared one year would be full the next year of stones that seemed to work their way out from the bowels of the earth.

The old low-beamed living house at Aulestad was preserved with its tiled roof and carved, unpainted wood. As time went on, it became filled with pictures and statues, hammered silver and fine hand-woven tapestries, most of them the gifts of the artists or perhaps bought to help some struggling genius. Björnson himself added the great historic veranda that became the family summer sitting room, where Björnson stood on state occasions to receive his guests. From it in nineteen hundred and five, he, the private citizen who had never held office, received the homage of twenty thousand troops marching to guard their country.

In front of the veranda were eight flagpoles, where he was fond of hoisting the flags of all nations as a symbol of universal peace. His Norwegian flag was always floating on the breeze, the largest flag in Norway, it is said. He would tolerate no artificial landscape gardening, but his lane of birches, the great Norwegian birches with light feathery branches drooping low and sweeping white, gray-knotted trunks, is famous.



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, PHILOSOPHER,
POET, REFORMER: KNOWN THROUGHOUT HIS-
OWN LAND AS "NORWAY'S BEATING HEART."



TWO SCENES OF FARM LIFE
ON THE AULESTAD ESTATE.



EJÖRNSON AND HIS WIFE LOOK-
ING OVER THE ESTATE AT AULESTAD.



BJÖRNSON IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE AT AULES-
TAD FEEDING HIS FAVORITE HORSE "MATER."

"NORWAY'S BEATING HEART"

"Father Aulestad" aimed to make his farm the model for the country. He was proud of the fact that his stock grew from a small beginning to sixty-three head of cattle and eleven horses, though, by the way, none of the latter was ever available when he wanted them; they were always busy bringing guests to or from the station. He was proud when his bulls and stallions won blue ribbons at the country fair and most proud of all because he owned the only private electric light plant in Norway. He loved to turn on the current in the great arc lights and flood the place with light to welcome a guest or celebrate a holiday.

THE animals on the place were his especial care, and no one else was allowed to touch the dish of salt he kept for the horses or the basket of broken food from which he scattered every day to the birds. Sometimes he came to grief, as when he tried to show by his example that a certain obstreperous goat needed only kindness to bring out its true nature, and the goat repaid him after the manner of goats by working his downfall just as he was sedately leaving the enclosure. He wrote in the newspapers begging people to leave the grass along the roads for passing cattle and urging an organized effort for the extinction of the gadfly.

Barefoot philosophy with a rope around its waist had no appeal for Björnson. He was too wholesome for mawkish sentimentality, and an exquisite personal neatness was a part of his beauty-cult. A spot on the clothing of the person who was talking to him was enough to obscure his vision of that person's spiritual graces. His craving for beauty bent everything about him to its own imperative need, and it is said that even the most commonplace servant could not stay long in his house without becoming actually beautified by the spirit that emanated from him.

Brought up in a frugal generation, he had the unjaded senses of a child. Though very abstemious, he was fond of champagne, and once he was heard to say, as he held up to the light a tiny glassful and watched its yellow sparkle, that he wished he could afford to drink it every day. This was at a time when he was making a fortune on his books and giving away thousands of crowns every year.

Almost as soon as he had settled at Aulestad, Björnson began to let his tenants acquire land on easy terms. He wanted to carry out his theory that every man should own ground. He established a bank for his tenants where they could borrow money at two per cent. interest with long terms of payment. Servants stayed with him sometimes for thirty years. Once he had noticed that one of the old servants looked glum and wondered what he could do about it. He decided on a

"NORWAY'S BEATING HEART"

present of a hundred crowns and was very much hurt because the man did not thank him. When at last he came, Björnson could not help saying, "You were a long time about it." "I couldn't," said the man. It had taken him three days to recover the unruffled expression which the Norwegian peasant thinks is the only exterior to present to the world. Another time he tried a particularly surly maid with a similar present "just to see if he couldn't make her smile."

THE movement for establishing people's high-schools began about the time when Björnson acquired Aulestad. He gave a portion of his ground for such a school. The house was built in the old Norwegian style with a long table and benches. The huge fireplace was piled high with fat pine sticks, which made an illumination whenever Björnson came. Then the large hall was decked with flags, the lamps lit, the long tables laid. The pupils of the school gathered, and sometimes so many of the neighboring peasants came in that the house was full. Björnson was never more brilliant. He started songs and told stories of the great European world, of books, theaters, festivals and historic places, acting out what he told, flashing with wit, radiating enthusiasm. In the summer the meetings were held in the court outside. These were often turned into political debates, and it was Björnson who hurled about thoughts like burning torches, kindling flames here and there in the mass of peasant stolidity.

He needed to feel about him always the close warm touch of his fellowmen. At one anniversary in his home there came among the countless messages of congratulation one bearing several hundred names of workingmen. The friend who read them would have cut short the reading with an "and so forth," but Björnson begged with tears in his eyes: "Oh, no, read them all; it is so good to hear them."

He came to the people of the valley as a man among men, not a landed proprietor, but a neighbor, richer, stronger, wiser than they, but still one of them. When they first came to Aulestad the poet and his wife visited their peasant neighbors regularly and welcomed them to their own beautiful home. As time went on Aulestad became more and more a gathering place for artists, writers, politicians, freaks from all the world over, and for the personal friends of whom no one ever had more. Björnson spent much of his time abroad, leaving the actual administration of the farm to his son Erling. His old friends passed away.

Still he could never be happy in celebrating any great event without feeling that the whole neighborhood took part. At his golden wedding the friends gathered at his house saw what seemed

"NORWAY'S BEATING HEART"

a gigantic fiery snake winding down the hills and through the valley. It was a torch-light procession given by his neighbors, the first ever seen in that district.

That same evening, standing in the close circle of his children and grandchildren, with the larger circle of friends about him, Björnson paid his beautiful tribute to the woman whose high courage had made her a fit mate for him. The gold-bride wore a white gown and her veil of fifty years before with a wreath of gold myrtle in her white curls. A sprig of the same was in her husband's buttonhole. Encircling her with his arm, he said:

"In you, Karoline, I have had a safe anchoring-place. You have been a brave soul. You understood all that I would do. Without this anchoring-place I could not have done it. From the time we two began, the best has been uppermost in me. The honor I ascribe to you. A poet has much of good and evil in him. He must develop through all possibilities. When you, Karoline, came to me, you threw your arms and your bridal veil about me. The brooch my mother gave me for my confirmation I gave to you. It was a sign that you were to continue her influence. From many mistakes I have always come back to you. You have been one with all that is best in me. I know that I shall die before you, that you will cover me with the shroud. Then you will perform a symbolical act: there is much in a man's life that needs to be covered, much that is kept in check by having a wife like you.

"I thank you for everything in the past. For sympathy, love, faithfulness."

It had been Björnson's wish that his body should rest in the soil of Aulestad, but at the last he said: "No, put me where the others are." He stipulated, however, that his coachman Peter, who no doubt had saved his master's life in many a reckless drive, and an old horse that had been in his service almost as long as the man, should take him to the grave. It was not considered safe to trust the old horse in the noises of the city, but the servant was there to receive his master in that last home-coming with royal honors and every flag in his country at half-mast.

"Aulestad won't be Aulestad without Björnson," said Peter. As though nature itself mourned, the floods came shortly after Björnson's death, washing away large parts of the farm with the saw-mill and electric light plant that were the owner's chief pride. Aulestad is now in darkness and desolation.

AN EXILE: A STORY BY COUNT LEON TOLSTOY: TRANSLATED BY A. J. WOLFE



IN THE city of Vladimir lived a young merchant Axyonov, owner of two stores and a house. Axyonov had a fine head of brown hair and was a handsome lad, a good singer and a leader among merry-makers. As a young man he drank a great deal and was apt to get into trouble when intoxicated. But after he had married he swore off drinking and rarely touched liquor in any form. One summer day Axyonov undertook a journey to the fair at Nizhni-Novgorod. As he was saying good-bye to his family, his wife said to him:

"Ivan Dimitrievitch, don't go today, I had a bad dream about you last night."

Axyonov smiled: "This means good profit. You'll see that I will do well with my trading and will bring you rich gifts."

Halfway to his destination he met a merchant whom he knew, and together they lodged for the night. They drank tea and retired to sleep in two adjoining rooms. Axyonov was not fond of sleeping over long. In the middle of the night he woke up, roused his driver from sleep, deciding to travel in the cool of night and commanded him to harness the horses. Then he returned to the inn, paid his bill and drove away.

He had driven possibly forty *versts* when he stopped to feed his horses. He rested a while at an inn, and at noon went to the annex, ordered a samovar, unpacked his guitar and began to play. All at once he heard the sound of carriage bells, and a *troika* (wagon drawn by three horses) drove up to the inn; an officer accompanied by two soldiers alighted and approached Axyonov. "Where do you come from? Whither bound?" he asked. Axyonov replied with unhesitating honesty, and asked the officer to join him in a glass of tea. But the officer continued to question him,—Where had he slept last night? Alone or with a merchant? Had he seen the merchant in the morning? Why had he driven off so early in the morning? Axyonov was surprised to be questioned so closely and said:

"Why are you asking me all these questions? I am no thief, or robber. I am traveling on my own business. Why should I answer all your questions?"

Then the officer summoned the soldiers, and said:

"I am the investigating judge and I ask these questions because the merchant with whom you spent the evening has been found murdered. Show me your baggage. I wish to search it."

They entered the house, opened his trunk and valise and began

AN EXILE: A STORY BY LEON TOLSTOY

to search. Suddenly the judge drew a knife from the bag and exclaimed: "Whose knife is this?"

Axyonov glanced at it, and saw that something bloody had been drawn from his bag. He shrank back.

"How did this blood come on this knife?"

Axyonov tried to answer, but could not utter a word without trembling: "I . . . I don't know . . . I . . . the knife . . . isn't mine . . ."

Then the judge broke in:

"This morning the merchant was found murdered in his bed. There was no one at the inn except yourself who could have committed the crime. The house had been locked on the inside. The bloodstained knife is found in your bag. Your face also betrays you. Confess that you killed him and of how much you have robbed him."

AXYLONOV swore that he was not the murderer; that he had not seen the merchant after drinking tea with him; that he had only his own eight thousand rubles with him and that the knife did not belong to him. Sobs choked his voice, he was pale and trembling like a criminal. The judge ordered the soldiers to bind him. When he was thrown, with his feet chained, into the wagon, he crossed himself and wept. His baggage and money was taken away from him, and he was carried to the nearest town and cast into prison. In order to learn what sort of a man he was, inquiries were made at Vladimir. The merchants there and the inhabitants in general testified that as a young fellow Axyonov had led a frivolous life, but now he was undoubtedly a good enough man. The court held him guilty of having murdered the merchant from Ryasan and robbed him of twenty thousand rubles.

Axyonov's wife suffered, but did not know what to think. Her two children were small, one had not yet been weaned. She took them and made her way to the town where her husband lay in prison. "What is now to be done?" she asked. And he answered "The Tsar must be appealed to, I can't go an innocent man to my doom." "But I have already sent a petition to the Tsar, and it has not reached him," the woman answered. Axyonov bowed his head, speechless. And the woman continued: "Ah, that you had not left me!" And she stroked his hair, and added: "Vanya, darling, tell your wife the truth: didn't you do it?" Axyonov merely answered: "You, too?"

He covered his face with his hands and wept. Then a soldier came and bade the woman and children begone. Axyonov took his last leave of his family. When his wife had gone Axyonov thought

AN EXILE: A STORY BY LEON TOLSTOY

over their conversation. When he remembered that she too had her suspicion concerning him and could ask if he were not the merchant's murderer, he said to himself: Besides God none can know the truth; He alone should be implored, grace could be expected from no other. After this Axyonov sent no more petitions; he gave up hope and prayed to God only.

He was sentenced to be whipped with the knout and to hard labor. The sentence of the court was carried into effect. He was knouted and after his wounds had healed, he was sent with other convicts to Siberia.

Twenty-six years he spent there in prison. His hair had become white as snow, and his beard, white, long and narrow. His mirthfulness had vanished. He walked about with a bent frame and spoke softly and rarely; he never laughed, and prayed much. In the prison Axyonov learned the cobbler's trade. With his earnings he bought a New Testament, and read it while it was light in the prison house. On holidays he sang in the church choir, for his voice was still beautiful. The authorities in the prison were fond of him because of his humility, his comrades in misfortune called him "Grandpa" and "Man of God."

Of his family, not one ever wrote him; he did not know if his wife were living or dead.

ONE day a new lot of convicts was brought into prison. In the evening the old convicts gathered around the newcomers and began to question them, from what village they hailed, why they had been sent up. Axyonov sat on his cot, listening with bowed head to the newcomer's words. One of them, a tall, vigorous man, about sixty years old, with a gray clipped beard was relating how he had been arrested.

"For nothing in the world, brothers, did I come here. I unharnessed a horse from a sleigh, and they arrested me, accusing me of having stolen it. I said that I had been only trying to assist the driver and that I had not kept the animal. Besides, the driver was a friend of mine. Everything was in order. 'No,' they said, 'you've stolen it.' But they don't know what and when I really had stolen. Well, there were things for which I should have come here long ago. But nothing could be proved. And now I am here against all law and right. Still, to tell the truth it isn't my first time in Siberia, only I did not make much of a stay before."

"Where are you from?" inquired one of the convicts.

"From Vladimir, my name is Makar; Makar Semyonovitch was my father's name."

AN EXILE: A STORY BY LEON TOLSTOY

Axyonov raised his head and inquired:

"Say, Semyonovitch, have you heard them speak in Vladimir of a merchant family by the name of Axyonov? Are any of them still alive?"

"Of course I have heard of them. Rich merchant people, though the father is in Siberia: he must be like one of us sinners. And you, *Batyushka* (little father), for what deeds are you here?"

Axyonov disliked to speak of his misfortunes, he sighed and replied: "For my sins I am doing hard labor this twenty-sixth year."

Makar Semyonovitch persisted: "For what sins?" Axyonov answering said: "I must have deserved it." He would not talk further. But the convicts told the newcomer how Axyonov had come to Siberia; how someone had killed a traveling merchant and slipped the knife into Axyonov's bag and how he had been convicted, guiltless as he was.

When Makar heard this he looked searchingly at Axyonov, slapped his knee and exclaimed: "A wonder! A wonder, in faith! But how old you have grown, *Batyushka!*"

They urged him to tell why he looked so surprised and where he had seen Axyonov before. Makar disregarded the questions, but merely exclaimed: "A wonder, children! How people meet again!"

This exclamation made Axyonov think that he might know who had murdered the merchant. He said:

"Have you ever heard of this matter before, Semyonovitch, or have you seen me anywhere?"

"Of course I have heard of it. The world is full of news. But a long time has passed since and I have forgotten what I heard."

"Perhaps you heard who murdered the merchant?"

Makar laughed and replied: "In whose bag the knife was found, he must have been the murderer. And if anyone slipped the knife into your bag, how could he have got away? And how could anyone slip the knife into your bag? Did it not stand at the head of your bed? You could have heard any sound."

When Axyonov heard this he thought that this man was indeed the murderer. He rose from his cot and walked away. He could not sleep. A deep melancholy gripped his heart; he saw his wife as he was saying good-bye to her when he started on his last journey to the fair; he saw her as clearly as though she were in person before him; he was looking into her eyes and listening to her entreaties. Then he saw his boys, as they had appeared, one in a little fur coat, the other at his mother's breast. And he remembered himself as he was that day, merry and young. He remembered the annex of the inn where he was arrested while playing the guitar,

AN EXILE: A STORY BY LEON TOLSTOY

how carefree and easy life had seemed to him. And he remembered the place where he was knouted, the executioner, the people all around, the chains, the prisoners all about and his twenty-six years of hard labor. And then he thought of his old age. And the sadness that seized his heart was so deep that he came near laying hands on himself.

"And all through this wretch!" he thought.

Then a feeling of rage against Makar Semyonovitch came over him and he longed to take vengeance, even though he should perish himself. The whole night through he mumbled his prayers, but could find no rest. In the daytime he avoided Makar and would not even cast a glance at him.

TWO weeks passed in this manner. Axyonov found no sleep at night. He did not know what to do in his anguish. One night he walked about the prison and noticed some one moving near a cot just below. He stopped to observe. Suddenly Makar jumped from under the cot and looked at Axyonov in terror. Axyonov wanted to pass on, but Makar seized him by the hand and told him that he was digging a tunnel leading under the wall and had carried the earth each morning in his top-boots as he was driven to work. And he added: "Keep your mouth shut, old man, and I'll get you out too. But if you tell on me, I'll kill you some day."

When Axyonov heard the wretch talk in this strain he trembled with rage, released his grip and said:

"I don't have to go away from here, and you can't slay me, for you slew me long ago. Whether to tell what you are doing or to keep silence, as God will lay it on my soul, so shall it be done."

But when the next day the soldiers led the convicts to work they noticed the fresh earth and examined the prison and found an excavation under the wall. The warden started an investigation. There was a general denial of any knowledge of the matter. Those who knew would not denounce Makar, because they realized that he would be cruelly whipped for his undertaking. Then the warden turned to Axyonov. He knew that Axyonov was a just man and said:

"Old man, you are truthful, tell me before God who did this?"

Makar Semyonovitch stood unconcerned and looked at the warden, but he refrained from looking at Axyonov. The latter's lips and hands were a-tremble, and for a long time he could not utter a word. He thought: "Why should I be silent? Why should I forgive him? Did he not ruin my life? Let him suffer for my pains. But if I report him, then indeed they will knout him half-dead."

AN EXILE: A STORY BY LEON TOLSTOY

And the warden repeated: "Now, old man, tell the truth, who has been digging under the wall?"

Axyonov glanced at Makar and replied:

"I can't tell, your honor; God commands me not to tell; I won't do it. Do with me what you will; I am in your power."

Though the warden labored hard with him, Axyonov would not speak a word. And thus it was not learned who had dug the tunnel.

The following night when Axyonov had lain on his cot and was half asleep, he saw someone come to the foot of the bed and sit down. In spite of the darkness he recognized Makar and said: "What else do you want of me? What are you doing here?"

Makar gave no reply. Axyonov rose and continued:

"What do you want? Go, or I shall call the guard."

Makar bent over Axyonov and whispered:

"Ivan Dimitrievitch, forgive me."

Axyonov said: "What have I to forgive you?"

"I am the murderer of the merchant; I hid the knife in your bag. I had intended to kill you too, but I heard a noise in the yard, so I quickly concealed the knife in your bag and crawled out of the window."

Axyonov was silent. He did not know what to say. Makar slid from the cot and bowing down to the ground, went on:

"Ivan Dimitrievitch, forgive me, forgive me, for God's sake. I myself will reveal that I am the merchant's murderer. You will be released from prison and you will return home."

But Axyonov replied: "It is easy for you to talk. But it is hard for me to suffer. Where shall I go? My wife, my children have forgotten me, and I have no home."

Makar did not rise. He beat his forehead against the floor and continued:

"Ivan Dimitrievitch, forgive me. It was easier for me when I was under the lash than to look at you now. And you had pity on me . . . you did not report me. Forgive me for Christ's sake. Forgive me, an accursed wretch."

And he sobbed.

When Axyonov heard him sobbing, he commenced to weep himself: "God will forgive you; perhaps I am ten times as bad as you."

And suddenly his soul felt so relieved, he yearned no more for his home, he did not even want to leave the prison, he merely thought of his last hour on earth.

But Makar Semyonovitch did not listen to Axyonov; he denounced himself as the guilty man. When the decree releasing Axyonov reached the prison, he had already died.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER NINE

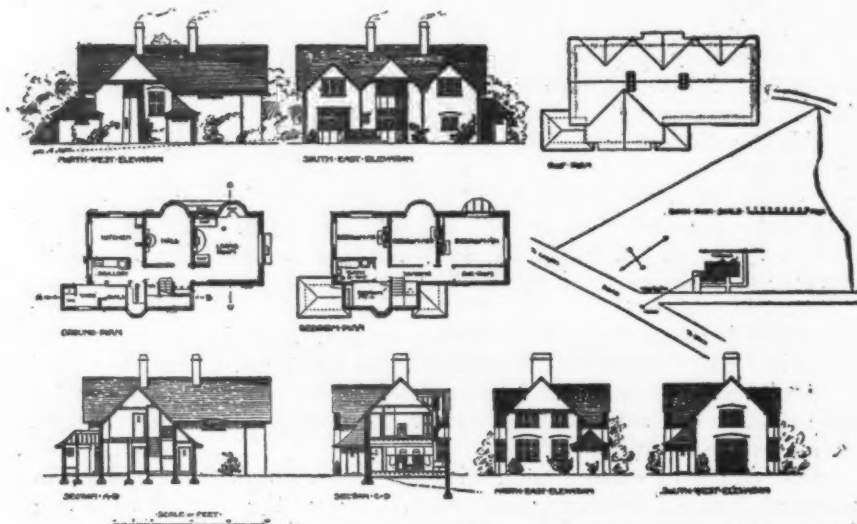


BEFORE describing the two houses, chosen to illustrate those costing from forty-two hundred and fifty dollars to forty-five hundred dollars, I wish to show two of a more costly type; namely, "Greenmoor," in Buxton, and one in Rugby. The former shows an attempt to solve a problem often to be faced by architects, and hence of real importance; namely, how to secure on the upper floors of a house more accommodation than easily results from carrying up the walls from the ground floor.

"Greenmoor," as will be seen, stands completely isolated from any other building; this made it difficult to contrive the seven good bedrooms without giving the house a "top-heavy" appearance, or making it too tall for its isolated position. Very often houses which might be charming grouped along a street seem out of proportion in a country lane or in a suburban garden; and frequently this results from the fact that the question of a more extended area on the upper floor has not been given proper consideration. To let the upper stories overhang the lower perhaps becomes legitimate in such cases, and to plan the roof in such a way as to give much bedroom space in it is essential, especially where the ground space is limited.

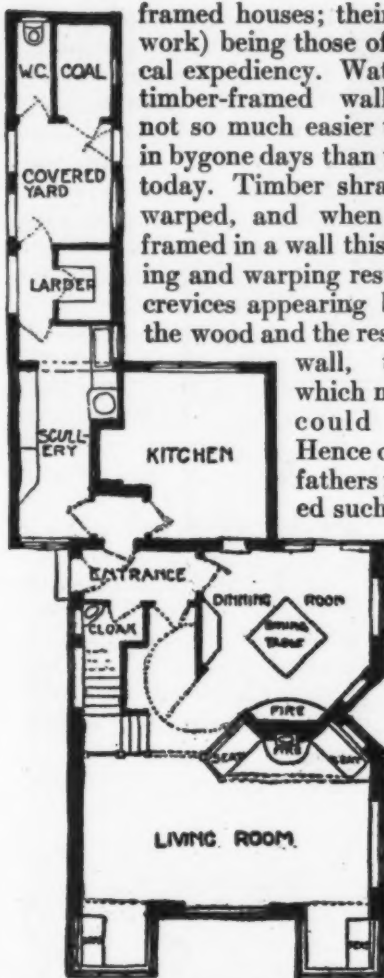
Overhanging upper stories are almost universal in old timber-

HOUSE AT STONE, STAFFS:

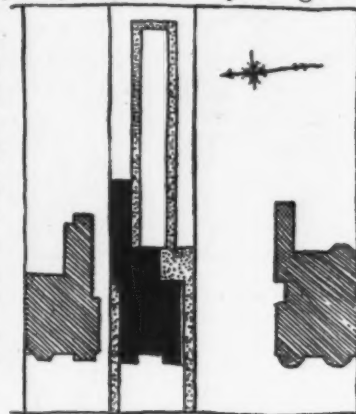


ELEVATIONS AND FLOOR PLANS FOR HOUSE AT STONE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

RELATION OF ORNAMENT TO CONSTRUCTION

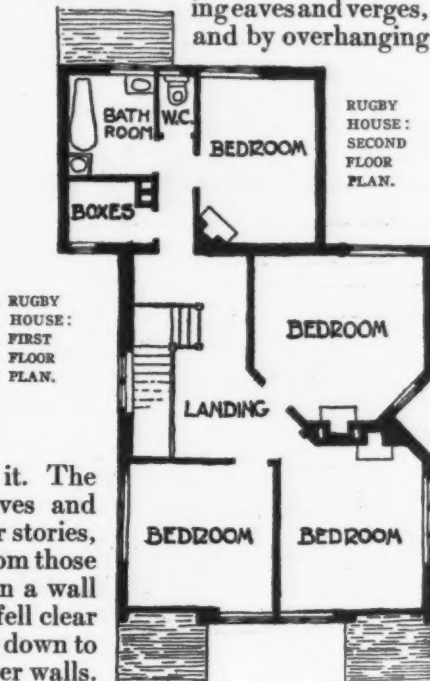


framed houses; their primary objects (as always in good work) being those of practical expediency. Water-tight timber-framed walls were not so much easier to build in bygone days than they are today. Timber shrank and warped, and when it was framed in a wall this shrinking and warping resulted in crevices appearing between the wood and the rest of the wall, through which moisture could come. Hence our forefathers protected such walls from the rain by wide projecting eaves and verges, and by overhanging



MULTRIE ROAD.
BLOCK PLAN: RUGBY HOUSE.

from the rain by wide projecting eaves and verges, and by overhanging

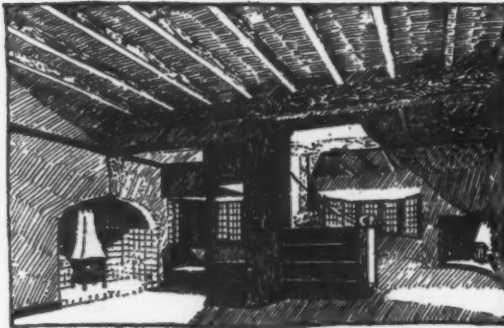


RUGBY HOUSE:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

RUGBY HOUSE:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

each story beyond the one below it. The result was that not only did eaves and verges keep much rain from upper stories, and each projecting story much from those below it, but water running down a wall face and coming to an overhang fell clear to the ground, instead of trickling down to find its way into crevices in the lower walls.

RELATION OF ORNAMENT TO CONSTRUCTION



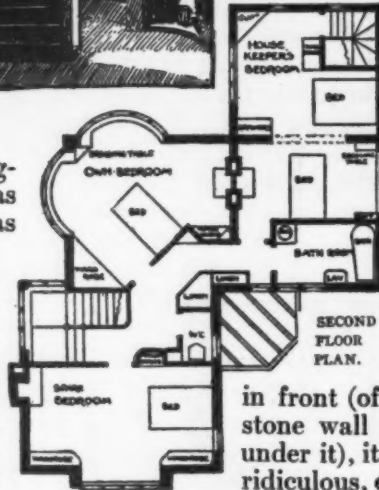
REPTON HOUSE, DERBYSHIRE: LIVING ROOM.

The use today in England of what is known as "half-timber-work" has been almost reduced to an absurdity, first through by-laws which stipulate that it must have a solid wall "built of brick or stone or other non-combustible material" behind it, and secondly by the fact

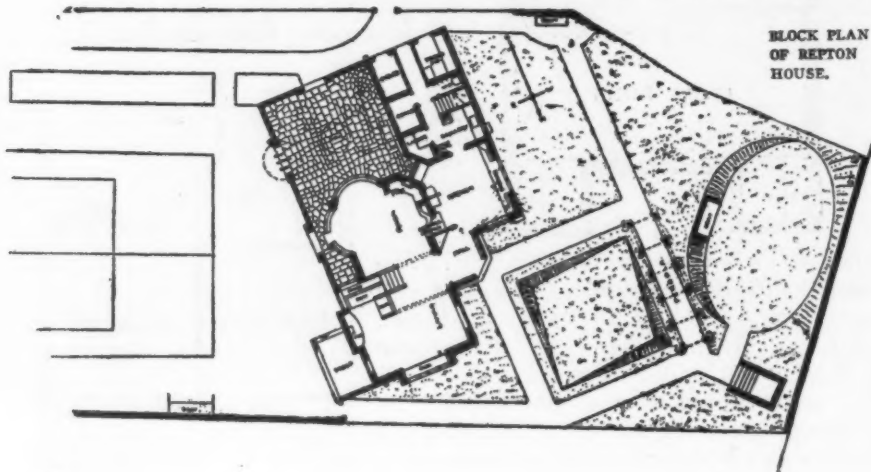
that there are no longer districts in which the abundance of timber makes this form of wall more economical to build than a more water-tight one, quite the reverse in fact.

Surely it is now only legitimate to use it in cases in which we must build an overhanging wall or in which we can only have woodwork to support a wall. When it is laid on the face, or placed a little

in front (of one brick or stone wall with another under it), it can only look ridiculous, even though it



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



BLOCK PLAN OF REPTON HOUSE.



*Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.
The interiors of these houses are shown on the following pages.*

THE HOUSE ON THE TOP OF THE PAGE IS ONE BUILT AT STONE, STAFFORDSHIRE: IT IS EXTREMELY INTERESTING IN RELATION TO THE LANDSCAPE: THE SECOND IS AT RUGBY, WARWICKSHIRE, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING EXAMPLES OF THE USE OF CONCRETE IN THE MODERN ENGLISH HOUSE: THE STAIRWAY BELONGS TO THE RUGBY HOUSE.



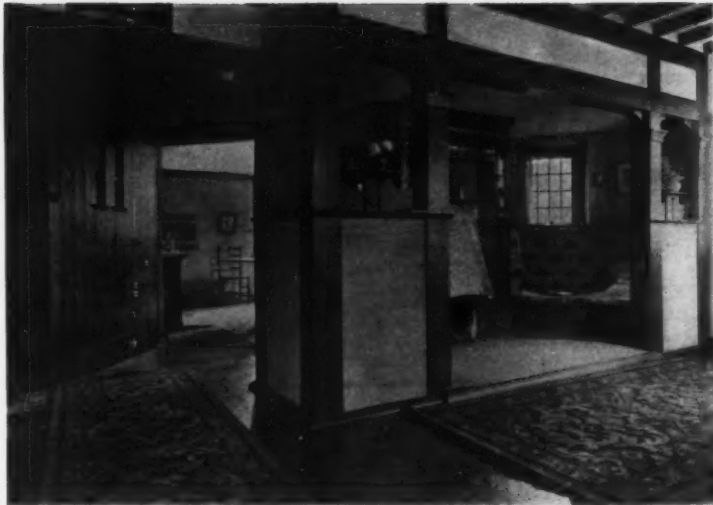
GARDEN VIEW OF HOUSE AT RUGBY, SHOWING THE EXTENSION AT THE BACK, THE ARRANGEMENT OF SHRUBS AND FLOWERS CLOSE TO THE HOUSE AND THE SHADED PATHWAY TO THE GARDEN DOOR: THE WINDOWS THROUGHOUT THIS HOUSE ARE ONE OF THE MOST DECORATIVE FEATURES: ANOTHER CHARM OF THIS ENGLISH HOUSE IS THAT THE BEAUTY OF THE SURROUNDINGS IS CONSIDERED FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW, AND THE GARDEN PATHS AND THE FLOWERS AND SHRUBS ARE A PART OF THE ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE PERFECTION OF THE WHOLE.

THIS PICTURE GIVES A GLIMPSE OF THE LIVING ROOM AND STAIRWAY OF THE HOUSE AT RUGBY: THE ARRANGEMENT ABOUT THE FIRE-PLACE IS SINGULARLY COZY, ESPECIALLY FOR AN ENGLISH HOUSE WHERE THE ENTIRE ROOM IS NOT ALWAYS WARM, AND WHERE TO GATHER AROUND THE FIRE-PLACE MEANS COMFORT AS WELL AS GOOD CHEER. THIS OFTEN BRINGS ABOUT INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL BUILT-IN FITTINGS.



HERE WE HAVE A VIEW OF THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWAY AT RUGBY, SHOWING THE USE OF THE WOODWORK AND THE METHOD OF TREATING THE WALLS: AT THE RIGHT THERE IS A GLIMPSE INTO THE BEDROOM. THE MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECT SEEMS ALWAYS TO THINK IT WORTH WHILE TO MAKE THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWAY A REALLY DESIRABLE DECORATIVE FITTING FOR THE HOUSE.

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.



A SECOND VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM IN THE RUGBY HOUSE, SHOWING HOW CHARMINGLY THE FIREPLACE NOOK IS ARRANGED WITH SEATS AND WINDOWS.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THIS IS A VIEW OF THE FIREPLACE CORNER IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE HOUSE AT STONE, STAFFORDSHIRE: THIS PICTURE MAKES AN INTERESTING CONTRAST WITH THE LIVING ROOM IN THE RUGBY HOUSE: IT IS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING IN DETAIL, BUT EVIDENTLY PLANNED FOR ANOTHER KIND OF PERSONALITY.

THE PANEL PICTURE IS A VIEW OF THE CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM AT REPTON: THE END OF THE ROOM SHOWING THE COUCH UNDER THE WINDOWS, WHICH ARE WELL ARRANGED, IS EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE.



A SCHOOLMASTER'S HOUSE AT REPTON, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING AN INTERESTING USE OF CONCRETE IN A MODERN HOUSE. IT IS WELL WORTH WHILE STUDYING THE FLOOR PLANS OF THIS HOUSE, WHICH SHOW HOW A HOUSE DESIGNED FOR ONE PERSON CAN BE REMODELED INTO TWO DWELLING PLACES.

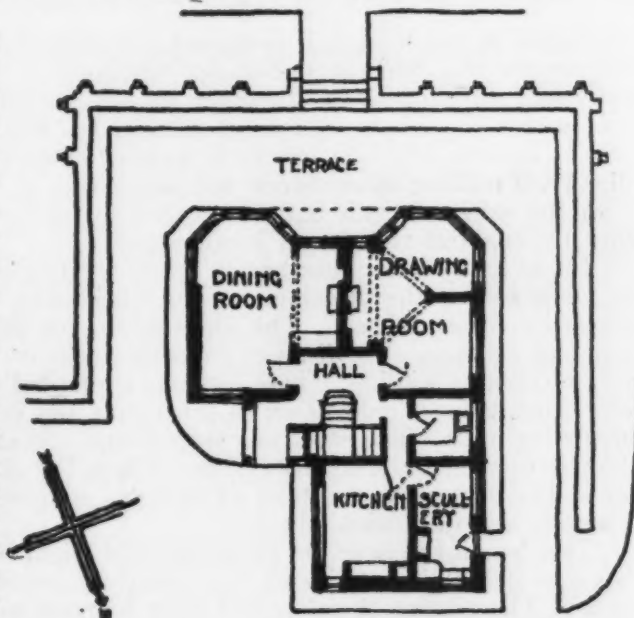
Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"GREENMOOR," BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE, SHOWING A COMBINATION OF STONE AND CONCRETE, WITH A SLIGHT SUGGESTION OF HALF-TIMBER IN THE FRAMING OF THE WINDOWS: THE HOUSE IS EXTREMELY WELL PLACED.

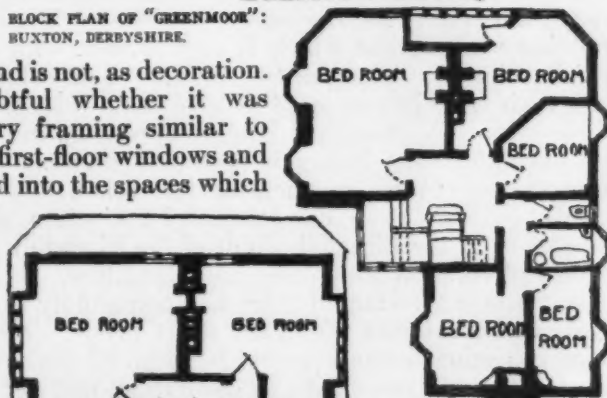
RELATION OF ORNAMENT TO CONSTRUCTION

be strong enough to carry itself without support from the wall behind it. So used, it becomes merely a surface decoration for which should be substituted something which has intrinsic beauty, and which does not simulate construction, but proclaims itself as decoration. Let us use construction decoratively wherever possible, but never use what appears to be construction, and is not, as decoration.

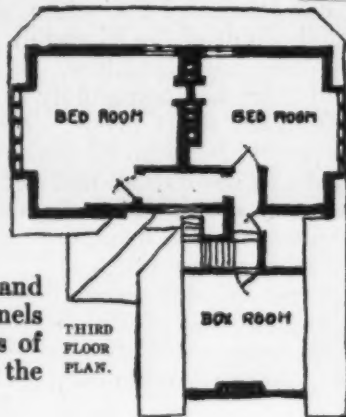
So it is doubtful whether it was legitimate to carry framing similar to that of which the first-floor windows and balcony are formed into the spaces which intervene between windows on the east side of "Greenmoor." But as these spaces were so few and small, and it seemed so natural to fill them with framing, and form them into panels carrying the lines of the frieze around the



BLOCK PLAN OF "GREENMOOR":
BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



THIRD
FLOOR
PLAN.

building, it would perhaps be pedantic to object.

That the application of the principle

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embodied in the foregoing paragraphs is difficult but increases the importance of a clear conception and firm grasp of it. It is admittedly extremely difficult to be sure that we are not using as decoration that which appears to be construction, and is not. But to do this always imparts a subtle indefinite sense of insincerity, and want of dignity, if nothing more; hence the importance of being so imbued with the spirit of truth that the instinct for it becomes so strong that the slightest violation of it causes pain.

Let us try by further illustration drawn from the use of the column to make clearer the principle we are considering. The column is primarily constructional. The ancients in hot climates erected a series of columns at a distance from the walls of their temples to secure coolness within. These columns supported the roofs, which were brought over onto them, so preventing the sunlight from falling on the walls. The effect was magnificent. So attempts to reproduce it were made in sunless climes, where the absence of reason for it, based upon its practical advantages, produced an element of falseness, and disillusion followed.

That less of the none too abundant light might be excluded from subsequent buildings the wall was brought forward up to the columns. These latter therefore lost their function as supports; so a stronger element of falseness was introduced, bringing with it greater disappointment with the effect produced. Eventually a form of building was reached which is ever present with us today; one in which columns, three-quarter columns, half columns and pilasters with their entablatures seem to have been "clapped on" to the face of the structures, though striving to appear an integral part of them. An uncomfortable feeling is produced such as could never arise from the use of pure ornament as decoration.

Mr. Norman Shaw has connected two wings, which occur in the upper part of the Piccadilly front of the Piccadilly Hotel, by a screen formed of columns supporting an entablature. Merely to glance up at this brings a feeling of calm and tranquillity to many amidst the bustle and turmoil of life in the street below. We must admit that numerous other instances could be given of elements originally constructional, used beautifully as decoration, and not take the position that what was constructional should never be used as decoration pure and simple, even though we hold it better to use what is always pure ornament when we want decoration.

Where then may we find the differences between the insincere buildings which jar on us, and this of Mr. Norman Shaw's or the many others which furnish instances of the successful decorative use of much which first came into existence to fulfil the demands of con-

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struction? Shall we have found it if we discover that in those we admire, whatever was once construction and is now used as decoration is unmistakably so used, giving the observer no chance of confusing the one with the other? It would seem as if pure decoration should proclaim itself and claim a right to exist as such, as admittedly decoration pure and simple.

There would also seem to be many degrees of architectural insincerity, ranging from the deliberate lie told with intent to deceive (as when wood is made to simulate stone vaulting) through shams such as imitation ruins, then through the many uses of effects without legitimate causes, and finally to confusion between construction and decoration. I am inclined to believe that the way to safeguard against the taint of untruth is to think first of what is necessary to a building, necessary to enable it to fulfil its functions, necessary to its strength and stability, its water-tightness and durability; then how we may use to the full the decorative qualities inherent therein. Finally (having in imagination swept all else away) we should allow nothing to be added which cannot show an indisputable right to exist because it is beautiful and which proclaims this as the reason for its being. For we must always remember that a purely ornamental feature can only base a valid claim to existence on the ground of its own beauty.

To return to the houses illustrated. The one at Rugby brings up many problems in addition to those we have already considered; mainly, those which arise when designing houses which have a limited frontage, and which must be sandwiched in between other buildings. During a discussion which once followed a lecture of mine, an architect said that the real difficulties of planning only began with such a house. I think in taking this view he overlooked much in the work of his profession worthy of being taken more seriously; still it is true that with the additional limitations entailed by a restricted site further care and skill are required of the architect, and some loss of comfort and convenience is inevitable.

But if a site such as we are now considering limits the architect in some directions, it opens up for him a wider field for the exercise of his faculties in others. It gives him opportunities for considering his work in relation to that of others, which are lacking in designing a house to stand alone. His own work has more unmistakably to take its place as part of a whole, that whole being the street in which it is placed. This broadening of his view can scarcely fail to have a beneficial influence upon his work, the bigger conception giving breadth to it. Hitherto, often the architect has thought only of the appearance of his own building. Sometimes he has yielded to the

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temptation to make the surrounding buildings look mean, as he confesses by the way he treats them in his perspective drawings. But when every architect designing a building realizes that his design is, or is not, a part of the beauty of the whole street, and that he personally is responsible for his share of it, then not only will the gain in civic beauty be enormous but the individual work of each man will appear to the greatest possible advantage.

The site at Rugby is not really a narrow one; there is good passageway on either side of the house. In the next issue we shall consider houses designed for much narrower frontages, but even here the importance of dispelling the cramped and airless feeling usually associated with the interiors of houses with restricted frontages should be our first consideration. By devoting the whole ground floor front of the house to one large room, and not excluding entirely from it the space which would usually be shut off into the entrance hall or that occupied by the staircase, we at least secured a feeling of spaciousness and openness. In addition, vistas were opened up.

As will be seen from the block plan, we were fortunate at Rugby in having greater openness on the south rather than on the north side. At any time there was the danger that the neighbor might erect a fence on this north boundary, which would block the south ground-floor windows, so we contrived diagonal windows in both dining and living rooms, so that the outlook could not at any time be completely obscured.

Interest in planning the Repton house centered around securing many of the advantages that were sought for in the Rugby house, but in it the special difficulty arose from the fact that it was for an assistant master at a large public school. In the event of his wishing to let or sell it, it would probably be to some of his colleagues, and more likely than not two masters would share a house of that size. The large living room would have to be divided into two rooms with a hall between; this would be done by erecting partitions where the dotted lines are shown on the ground-floor plan. Circumstances made it somewhat difficult to contrive that each of these rooms should, in this event, have some south sunlight without sacrificing the outlook from one or the other.

Of the house at Stone there is little to be said in special comment, except that it is chosen as typifying houses costing between four thousand two hundred and fifty to four thousand five hundred dollars. It is placed (as was "Glaedhame") on land falling in a southerly direction, with the finest view in the same direction and with the approach convenient from the north.

THE VALUE OF A COUNTRY EDUCATION TO EVERY BOY: A TALK WITH THE HOST OF CRAFTSMAN FARMS

(The first article of this series appeared in the September issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* under the title, "A Visit to Craftsman Farms"; "A Country Home for the Business Man," the second article, was published in October.)



IT WAS a frosty afternoon in October when the Traveler again climbed the fragrant hillside, his footsteps guided by the sound of wood-chopping—that most friendly music of the woods. Near one of the cottages at the edge of the forest he found the Host cutting logs for the evening fire. Some Italian workmen were about him, for the deft cutting of the log was a lesson in workmanship as well as the means of securing wood for the fire. The Host paused and watched his workmen critically. "It has got to be done well," he said determinedly, "for it is the ideal to do well that lifts any task from drudgery to a form of education. It is through the ideal that one progresses from the dull plodder to the inspired craftsman.

"I never speak of the joy of cutting wood," the Host continued as they walked toward the bungalow, "without recalling a good friend of mine, a Unitarian clergyman, a fellow townsman of former days. He was one of the most learned men I have ever known, and his knowledge had taught him the value of simple things. Although he was over eighty and his hair was snow white, his perfect physical health made him beautiful to see. His eyes were alert and radiant and his cheeks rosy like those of the youth who were always about him. I remember the first time I visited him. He was out in the garden sawing up an old apple tree that had outlived its usefulness. My attention was at once aroused by the craftsmanlike way he was managing the job. The cut line across the log was sawed with as fine a sense of accuracy as though the old man were doing a particularly difficult piece of cabinetmaking. He was proud of his work and at once noticed my interest. 'I am trying,' he said 'to saw this log just as straight as I can. That is why I find my work interesting.'

"Now to the average person sawing wood seems a simple enough performance, yet here was this gentle old philosopher doing his work with the same interest he would give to solving a problem in science. And again the idea came to me more forcibly than ever of the dignity of labor done in the right spirit, and how the benefit to be derived from work must forever depend upon the ideal which inspires it and the intelligence which guides it. You see," said the Host, looking back at the workmen, "what lack of enthusiasm these

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men feel. Not one of them seems to care, and it is not because they are not willing to work, but solely because their soul and brain have never been awakened to the value of work. Now, my feeling is that every man who wants to do good work with his hands should have his brain developed, and every man who must rely upon his brain should cultivate his power to do things well with his hands, not one, but many things well. I believe that the workman should have as much diversity of manual instruction and practice as the man who relies upon his brain must have in his intellectual pursuits, and that one should supplement the other; that is, the laborer must use his brain and soul and use them well; the brain-worker must cultivate both interest and practical experience in manual endeavor. Only in this way shall we get the all-round man who is most needed in the development of such a country as America, and who is more needed just now than ever before in the nation's history.

"And this brings me to the subject which I have so much at heart: the value of a country education for our young people. Indeed, the country is the only place where the physical side of man may be developed with an ideal of practical utility, where childhood and early youth can be made things of vigorous joy, a storehouse of healthy, happy memories."

LATER in the evening, after the cheerful family meal, the Traveler drew his chair to the great hearth where the logs cut in the afternoon were blazing brightly. "I was much interested," he said to the Host, "in what you told me this afternoon about keeping the country boy through his youth in the country. Most of us, I think, live in the city because we think we must live there to earn our bread. But the average country boy who comes to the city in no case really betters his lot, he exchanges outdoor life for indoor life, farming for clerking, free labor where he is master of himself for factory labor. I want to hear more of what you think about it." The Host seemed deeply in earnest, yet as he talked his voice was never lifted, and to the guest the tones of deliberate though quiet emphasis seemed characteristic of the man of tried convictions and assured self-mastery. There was always a gentleness, a certain sweetness in the gravity of the Host when he spoke on subjects that aroused the warmth of his sympathy.

"As I said," began the Host, "the country offers to a boy the best opportunity for normal development, that is, for the education of the hand as well as of the head. Both these forms of education should be interactionary, one upon the other, for it is only through the true balance of the intellectual with the physical life that we

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can find our largest usefulness in the world and make the most of our manhood. You speak of the strain and rush of the great American cities. There is in such strain an enormous waste of force. Think of all the philosophers from ages past to the present day; we cannot picture one of them as ever being 'in a hurry.' The philosopher is adjusted to large aims and his life is well ordered. Now, I think that Nature, if we look upon her rightly, teaches us above all, *order and forethought*. Even on the purely practical side, in farm life, Nature shows us that we must plan ahead and plan wisely, else we will have no crops and no food. If, through life in the country, we can learn from actual experience such lessons as these from Nature and can then apply these lessons to life wherever we may be, we shall be better equipped to meet the demands of a great town. And the city no longer needs the merely average man," continued the Host. "It needs men of experience and background. In all branches of labor the demand is for skill and intelligence. We need trained workmen and it is men of initiative who are able to meet responsibilities and carry them, that are best capable of rising above mediocrity. Granted that in our present state of civilization the city is after all the battleground for the winning of worldly success, I think that the country boy should stay in the country until he has mastered conditions there before coming to the city. If he goes about his country work in the right spirit and with the right ambition, he can get a better general preparation for life and a better all-round training on the farm than in the city, for in the country Nature furnishes him with the very best school for the discipline of character and the normal development of the body."

"Then the advantages of country training should be emphasized by the teachers of our rural public schools," said the Traveler.

"**WHEREAS,**" interrupted the Host, "the schools so far have trained the boy's ideas toward the city. They have not shown the child what can be learned in country life. They have instilled into him the idea that the city is the only place in which to 'succeed,' that an office boy is more to be respected than a farmhand, and that any form of manual labor is to be looked down upon as compared with other work. I believe, on the contrary, that if a child is born in the country the idea that should be held before him should be loyalty to the work that lies right at his hand, and a determination to learn from it all that it can teach him. The fault that I find with the influx of country youth into the city is that much of the material is raw, for many of the young people are undisciplined in work and character. They have run away from

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their first duties to find easier and pleasanter work in the city and to 'get rich quickly.' That spirit never really succeeds anywhere in life. In the first place, success should not be interpreted as mere money-making, and in the second, even if such an interpretation were the true one, the boy who shirks and comes unprepared in character to his work is not so likely in the end to win the dollars as is the boy who has tried hard all along the line. When a boy has 'stuck to his job' where he is and has worked it out and mastered it, only then is he ready for the next step. The man who has surmounted obstacles wherever he finds himself and who goes to the new work having made a success of the old, he it is who is capable of conquering unknown conditions. You see," the Host continued, "we do not sufficiently impress upon children the importance of *doing well* anything undertaken, no matter what it may be. Often the greatest things are accomplished by conquering the smallest; for our work has two aspects, the actual result achieved and the reactionary effect upon our own character.

"I should impress on country boys that success does not depend on opportunity," said the Host. "It is rather founded on two principles which build into the character of a man: first, loyalty to whatever work is undertaken; and second, the determination never to acknowledge defeat. Any man of large business experience has met with employes who, in a fit of temper or discouragement, have wanted to give up their positions. I have always advised such employes: 'Never leave until you have done so well that your employer feels that he can hardly get on without you.' No matter whether the dissatisfaction be caused by fault of the employer or of the employed, my advice is the same. I always say 'Before you take the last step go back to your work and do better than you ever did before; then, if you still want to leave, hand in your resignation as master of the situation.' Go out with self-respect and success behind you; then only will you be fully prepared for another piece of work; and this principle of conquering applies to the country lad before he is ready for the city. Anything undertaken must first be mastered, no matter how difficult or uninteresting it may be, or how little a man may think that it will serve him, for the very determination to *fight it out* becomes the man's best asset in character.

"THE reason why I believe that the country is such a fine training-school for character and experience, is because farm work, as compared to the routine and the one-sidedness of office work, offers to a boy the best possible opportunities for the development of self-reliance, of initiative and of the creative faculty—I

A COUNTRY EDUCATION FOR EVERY BOY

speak, of course, of the American farm, with its freedom of conditions and of ownership. In the business life of our cities the city man who begins as a clerk rarely goes much further; he may be promoted to some higher position in the department in which he started but the career usually ends in the groove in which it began. Young people who enter routine occupations with no other experience back of them have no equipment for anything else, and they are apt to have little capacity for meeting new problems and forging ahead. Whereas the boy who has been brought up on an American farm and who has been trained in all the variety of experience that makes up farm life has acquired independence, ingenuity and the ability to think for himself. Every day on a farm brings some new problem that has to be met and solved. A man grows alert and resourceful through necessity. I think boys should be brought up on a farm not because life in the country is easy but because it is hard. Boys must use their own wits and their muscles, too, and by exposure to all sorts of conditions they develop a hardy physique and the kind of character that conquers circumstances. I am of the firm conviction that the city boy should have the advantage of country life and that the country boy should stay where he is until he is mature, for country life is Nature's starting point for the race and as I have so often said, contact with Nature gives us a certain breadth of vision on which depends our capacity for further development. We cannot go forward beyond the limit of our vision. A mind crushed by the dull detail of routine labor and a physique depleted by unwholesome indoor occupation cannot lift a man out of the narrow sphere of drudgery. But a mind lit by the vision of a larger purpose in daily work and of something greater beyond that, a body vibrant with health and ready for action,—these make a man, while loyal to his work, at the same time independent of it, because his thought and his capability are larger than the routine of his occupation." The Host paused and the listener sat silent in deep thought. Then the Traveler said:

“**A**DMITTING that American farm life offers to a boy excellent mental and bodily training, do you think that in itself it gives a man the breadth of vision that you speak of? Many Americans who excel today have had such training, it is true; but are not these exceptional men who have come through pioneer conditions in a world of new enterprise whose keen stimulus will fade as this country settles more and more into beaten paths of industry like the Old World? There can be no doubt that the lives of many farmers seem a dull monotony of unceasing drudgery,—

A COUNTRY EDUCATION FOR EVERY BOY

narrow, cheerless and to themselves unprofitable. We do not all read the book of Nature with the love that begets knowledge or see the beauty and wisdom upon the page. In order that Nature may yield to us her full benefits we need—and greatly need—just such influences as yours will be at Craftsman Farms—and the value of the movement you are inaugurating here is unquestionable—we need the summoning voice, the beckoning hand, the awakening presence. Such a presence is what the rural public school should be. It rests with the school and the library to keep the country boy abreast of the world's onward march and in touch with that progress which throbs at the heart of modern life—the city. If, in our present civilization we have lost the inspiration and the boundless joy in Nature instinctively felt by ruder peoples, it is for a truer civilization to give this back to us again. Here in America, where the mingling of many races is a confused period heralding the birth of a new type, we may see many phases of life reflected. We may even with one glance sweep from the heights of modern culture to the simple life of primitive humanity. We have been able vividly to contrast civilized man with his barbaric brother. The elder races have come face to face with a child-people—the American Indians. What superb types of physical humanity they were, these aboriginal Americans! And even now, in their last hour they possess certain attributes of physique that excel our own. Their senses are keener than ours. They outstrip us not only in endurance and fortitude, but in sight, smell and hearing. And, intellectually, they are neither dull nor stupid, but quick and clear-headed. Their minds are alert, their logic is simple, direct; they are truthful, unflinchingly brave, and loyal in friendship. Nature has taught them all they know and they love and understand her as children love and obey a mother. But they are the people of yesterday. Could we of today but prize more highly our birthright of bodily perfection and of manly strength and courage, could we but hold fast to the teachings of Nature while adding to them the ever-accumulating wisdom of civilization—what might not such poised power achieve! And, if I apprehend you rightly, it is to this ideal that you would bring us, an ideal that is the beacon light of Craftsman Farms,—the true balance between the physical life and the intellectual, that each may serve the other toward a common end—progress. But if the country boy is to be content to stay in the country, at least during his formative period, the city must be stripped of its glamour in his eyes, and the world about him shown to have a deeper meaning.”

As the Traveler said good night he remembered that his Host had himself been a country boy.

THE TRAGEDY

THE TRAGEDY

A WOMAN there was in whose Garden of Life the Bush of Friendship grew sturdily, its white blossoms perfuming the air. It had come as a volunteer, and she pruned and watered and tended it with loving thought and care.

"But it has so few blossoms," her neighbor said, leaning on the partition wall.

"I like it better so," the woman answered with a tender little smile.

"My bush bends with the weight of its flowers," her neighbor declared proudly.

"What then can a mere bud more or less mean to you?" the woman asked.

There was nothing exotic about her Garden: it was a quiet, restful, homely spot, perennially fragrant, the Bush of Friendship gladdening it to its farthest wall.

One day the wind of Commonplace Annoyances blew through it. If it had been the wind of Adversity, or Disaster, or Distress, she would have braced herself to meet it, but it was such a petty, nagging thing, catching at her skirts and tripping her, and whipping her hair across her eyes so that she could not see quite clearly, and she moved with sharp impatience down the path.

Something got in her way, and without stopping to see what it was, or to put it gently aside, she struck fretfully at it, and instinctively she knew what she had done, and with a little cry bent over the Friendship Bush.

"What has happened?" asked her neighbor, hearing the cry and looking over the wall.

She pointed mutely to one of her blossoms hanging blighted, and broken on its stem.

"There are others on the Bush," her neighbor said carelessly. "Besides, what is your loss to mine? A blight has set in among my flowers of Fame, and the trees of my Success have been wantonly pilfered."

The woman turned back to her single broken blossom.

"Nevertheless," she said, "the tragedy is in *my* garden."

BY ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK.

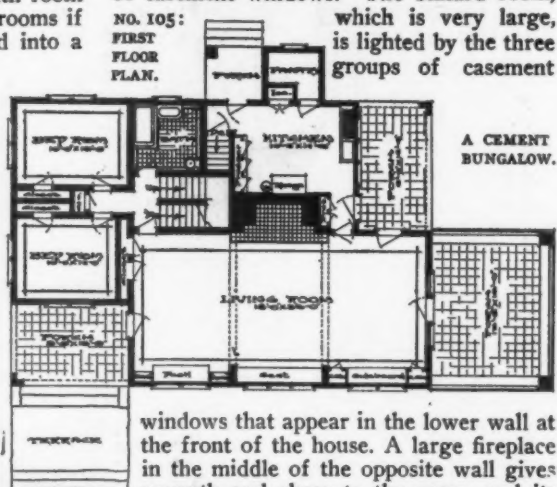


A THREE-STORY bungalow is unusual, yet the Craftsman house (No. 105), illustrated here, shows a distinctly bungalow form of construction although carried out in stone and cement. The main floor contains the kitchen, living rooms and two bedrooms, with room in the attic for three additional bedrooms if required. The basement is divided into a large billiard room, laundry, furnace and fuel room, and store room, so that although the house does not look very large, there is really a great deal of room in it, as will be seen from the description.

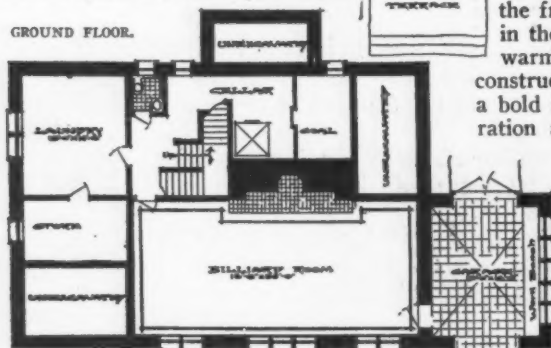
As pictured here, the house is built upon irregular ground, so that the foundation wall varies in height. The entrance to the house is approached by a terrace which leads to the square entrance porch. At the opposite side a straight road runs directly into the garage, which occupies all the space under the porch that

vantage in stormy weather,—and to go directly into the billiard room from which a stairway leads up to the living room. The garage is fourteen feet broad, giving ample room for the motor car and also for a work bench which is placed just below the line of casement windows. The billiard room,

which is very large, is lighted by the three groups of casement



GROUND FLOOR.



NO. 105: A CEMENT THREE-STORY BUNGALOW.

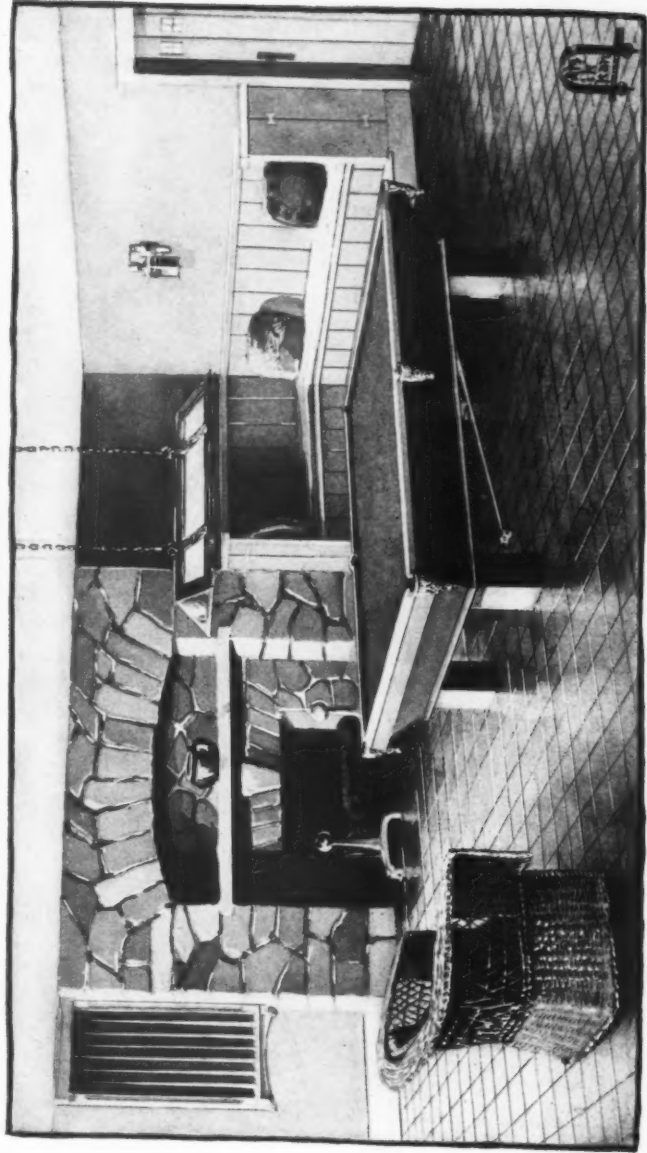
is sheltered by the pergola. This placing of the garage is specially convenient, as it not only gives the best possible shelter to the motor car, but enables its occupants to descend within the house itself,—a great ad-

windows that appear in the lower wall at the front of the house. A large fireplace in the middle of the opposite wall gives warmth and cheer to the room, and its construction is sufficiently rugged to allow a bold and rather primitive form of decoration and furnishing, suitable to such a basement playroom for men. Just back of the billiard room is seen the very convenient arrangement of the stairway which has a double landing, giving a means of communication between the living room and the billiard room and also between the kitchen and the furnace room. This lies just behind the fireplace, and the coal cellar joins it. The oblong space in the corner is not excavated, nor is the corresponding space at the corner of the billiard room; but if more room were required in the basement it would be an easy matter to excavate and utilize these spaces.



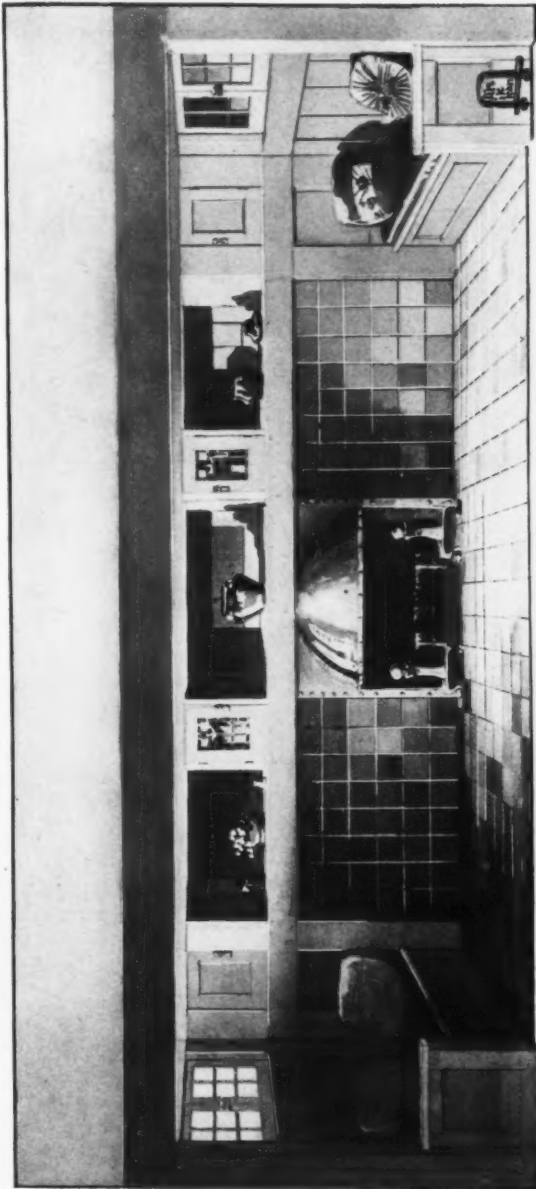
For details see pages 398 and 399.

**NO. 105 : A THREE-STORY CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW OF CEMENT,
WITH STONE FOUNDATION AND RED SLATE ROOF, ESPECIALLY
DESIGNED FOR A HILLSIDE, WITH MOST PICTURESQUE RESULT.**

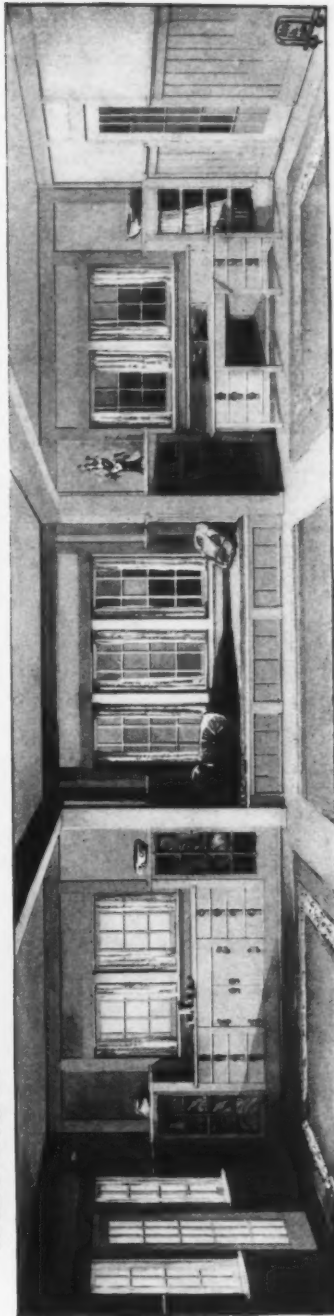


For exterior see page 397.

CORNER OF BILLIARD ROOM IN CE-
MENT HOUSE, SHOWING STONE FIRE-
PLACE AND BUILT-IN CORNER FITTING.

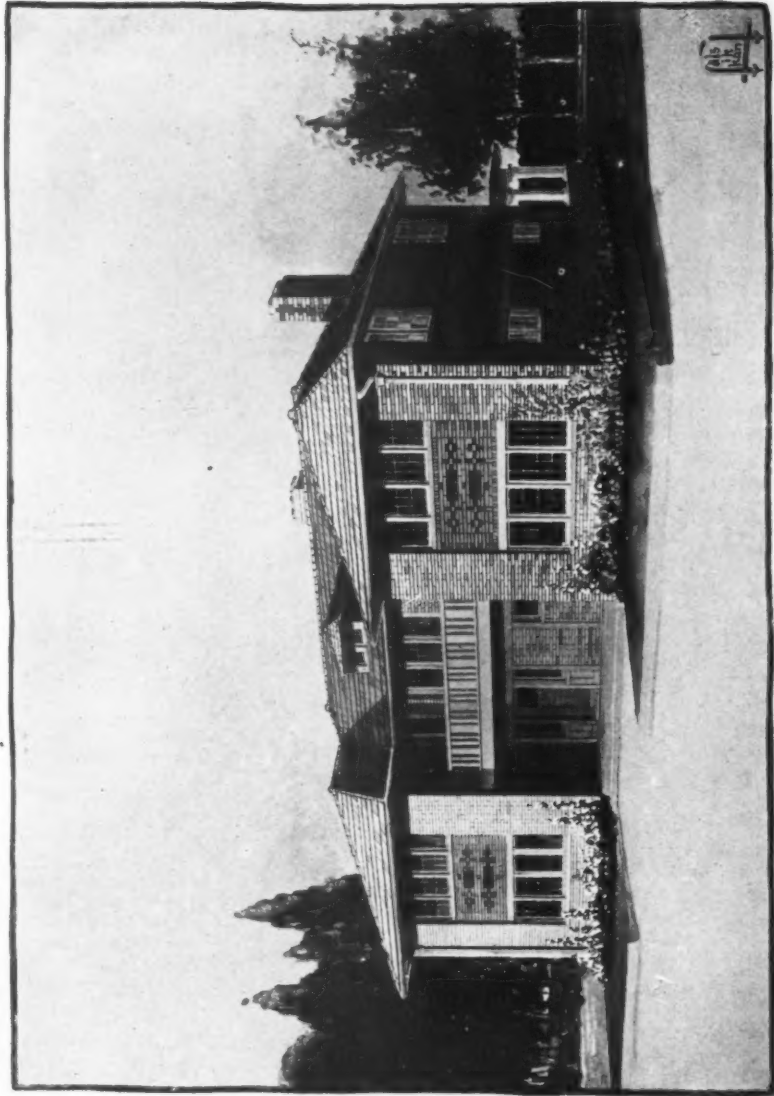


For exterior see page 400.



For exterior see page 397.

RECEPTION HALL IN BRICK HOUSE, SHOWING INTERESTING STRUCTURE OF FIREPLACE NOOK. DETAIL OF CEMENT HOUSE: BUILT-IN FITTINGS FOR ONE ENTIRE END OF LIVING ROOM.



For details see page 399.

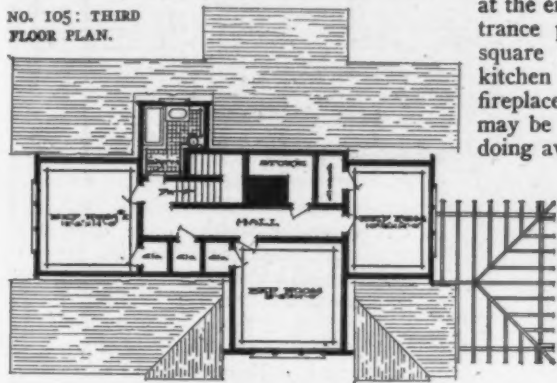
NO. 106: CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE: THE TWO MOST INTERESTING FEATURES ARE THE EFFECT GAINED IN THE DECORATIVE USE OF BRICK AND THE GROUPING OF WINDOWS.

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOW AND BRICK HOUSE

The laundry is a fairly large square room, well equipped with conveniences for washing, and in the corner of the hall is a toilet for the use of the servants.

On the main floor the entrance leads directly into the large living room, of which one end is to be used as a dining room. A glass door from this end opens upon the porch that is covered by the pergola, and another leads to the dining porch, which is roofed in so that it may be used in all mod-

NO. 105: THIRD FLOOR PLAN.



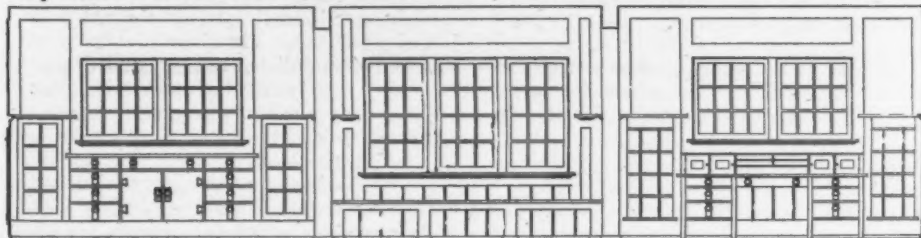
erately warm weather, whether stormy or not. A large fireplace, with a massive chimneypiece, occupies the center of the inner wall space, the staircase being placed on one side and the door leading to the kitchen and the dining porch upon the other. The entire front of the long room, although treated as a unit, contains three separate built-in features. In the center is a large window seat occupying the space below the main group of windows. At one side of this is a large built-in writing desk, with book shelves on either side and double windows above, and on the other side, in the part of the room that is meant to be used as a dining room, is a built-in sideboard with china closets. Treated in this way the whole end of the room is made in-

teresting and decorative, while it serves all purposes of utility and convenience. There is opportunity for a generous display of woodwork, and the line of wainscoting that runs around the whole room is preserved unbroken by the tops of the book shelves, china closets and the high ends and back of the window seat.

According to this arrangement there is ample space left on the main floor for two bedrooms, with the necessary closet room at the end of the house just back of the entrance porch. A bathroom occupies the square space back of the stairs, and the kitchen is placed directly back of the big fireplace in the living room, so that the flue may be utilized for the kitchen range, thus doing away with the necessity for a second chimney. The service porch, pantry and ice box form an extension at the back of the house. In case a different arrangement is preferred, the space given to the two bedrooms and the bath could easily be used for a work room, library or den, as the three bedrooms in the attic would be enough to accommodate a small

family.

These three rooms are of good size and are well lighted and ventilated. Plenty of space is given to closets, and there is a good bathroom. Our own idea was to have these upper bedrooms serve for guest rooms and possibly a servant's room, leaving the two rooms on the main floor for the family, but of course the necessities of each individual case would dictate the details of the arrangement. The house is very simple in form and construction, but as attractive, both inside and out, as any house we have ever designed. The cement walls would of course be given a sand finish, and would look best in a soft greenish or brownish tone that would harmonize with the stones of the foundation and with the cypress

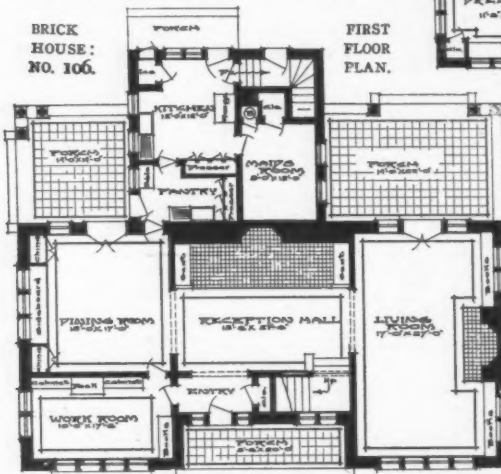


BUILT-IN FITTINGS IN LIVING ROOM OF BUNGALOW.

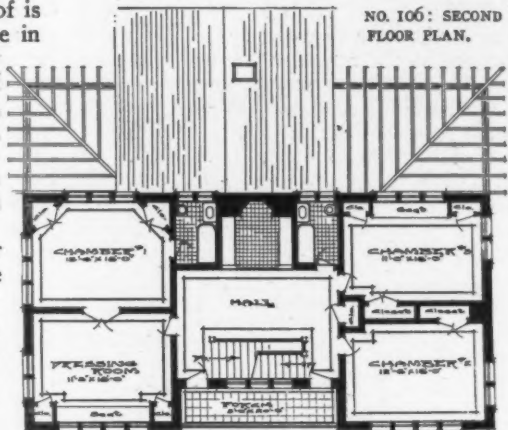
CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOW AND BRICK HOUSE

boards that sheath the gables. The roof is covered with roofing slates which come in beautiful tones of dull red, mossy green and a strange dull shade of grayish purple. These slates, of course, are absolutely durable and fireproof, and are as interesting as tiles or hand-riven shingles. The ridge poles are finished with tiles of the same color as the roof.

House No. 106 is a good deal larger than the bungalow, and is even more satisfying in effect, as the apportionment of line and mass is singularly symmetrical and well balanced, and



the construction is very interesting, especially if tapestry brick is used, as the dull rich coloring of this gives an excellent opportunity for a form of decoration that is inherent in the structure. This brick is coming more and more into use in cases where an interesting color effect is desired, as it shows soft dull colors,—yellow, brown, soft green, very dull reds and gray, earthy blues and purples that are sometimes found in old Persian rugs. These colors are never marked enough to be prominent, but when they are combined in designs such as appear in the walls of this house, they give a subtle touch of decoration that never grows tiresome as would a markedly pictorial design, and yet is sufficient to make each wall space interesting and beautiful in itself. The construction of the house gives to the walls a paneled effect. The center with its balcony of wood, is considerably recessed, leaving the two ends in the form



of wings. At the corners, the bricks are laid so that the walls project four inches, or the width of one brick, beyond the central panels which are exactly the width of the upper and lower groups of windows. The lintels, sills and frames of these windows are, like all the exterior woodwork of the house, of cypress, darkened by a wash of diluted sulphuric acid to a tone of warm brown that harmonizes beautifully with the brick. The window sash throughout are painted pure white, relieving and accentuating the darker tones. The same panel construction appears at the side of the house, where the wooden sills and lintels are made of heavy timbers that extend the whole width of the panel, binding together the separate groups of windows and giving room for a decorative design in the middle panel. The round wooden pillars which support the pergola at the back are painted white, and the timbers of the pergola itself are of cypress treated like the rest of the woodwork. Of course the entrance door, with its long narrow windows on either side, is of the same wood, and beams and uprights are liberally used in the recess below the balcony. The floor of this recess is paved with dull red cement, and the roof is of red slate with tiles at the ridges and angles. The gutter spouts are of copper, a metal which harmonizes admirably with the brick. At the back of the house are two porches opening from the living room and the dining room. These are both covered with pergolas, which of course will be draped with vines, and the roof of the

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT BUNGALOW AND BRICK HOUSE

kitchen, which is only one story high, occupies the space between.

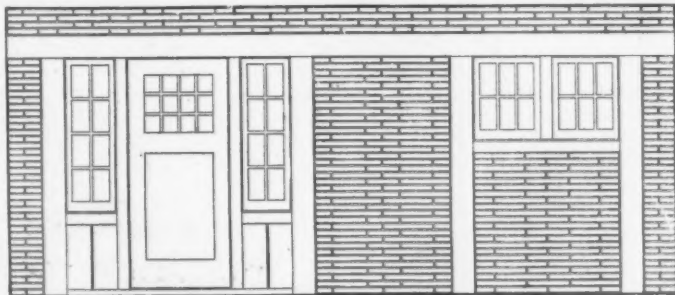
The recessed entrance porch opens into a large entry just below the staircase. Room is left for a coat closet on one end of this entry, and a door at the other end opens into the work room which is really a study or den fitted with built-in desk and cabinets and shelved for books. The little room is amply lighted, as on two sides the walls are almost entirely glass, taking in the big group of four windows in front and the double windows at the side. A wide opening from the entry leads in the reception hall which divides the living room from the dining room. At one side of this hall two broad steps lead up to the stair landing which is lighted by two windows from the front, and from that the staircase runs up to the second floor. Across the entire width of this reception hall runs a huge fireplace nook with a built-in seat at either end. A large fireplace with a copper hood is placed in the center of the nook. There is no chimneypiece, but the walls on either side are tiled with dull green or blue Grueby tiles, and tiles of the same color are used to floor the entire nook. Above tiny cabinets, the two central ones with stained glass leaded doors, and the corner ones with wooden doors, break the space into three deep recesses which can be used for books, bits of metal or pottery, jugs of flowers or any other bit of decoration that is wanted, the chestnut panels at the back affording a most effective background. Additional cupboards with glass doors are placed above the seats at the end, and these may be shelved for books or used for odds and ends, as required. The seats are built of chestnut, which is recommended for the woodwork throughout the whole lower floor, and the wainscoting behind them is of wide V-jointed boards.

Another fireplace occupies the middle of the outer wall of the living room, and on either side the wall spaces below the case-ment windows are shelved for books. The end of the dining room is filled in the same way with the built-in sideboard and china

closets, so that there is hardly a foot of wall space in the three rooms that is not used in an interesting and decorative way. At the back of both rooms French doors open upon the porches, and as windows are placed on either side of these doors in the living room and at one side in the dining room, it will be seen that there is ample provision for light and air.

The one-story addition between the two porches at the back of the house gives room for the kitchen, pantry and maid's room, so that the servant's domain is complete in itself and practically cut off from the rest of the house. The service porch is built on the back of the kitchen which is equipped with every convenience for doing housework swiftly and easily.

On the second story the staircase leads into a large central hall, lighted from the front by the group of windows which look out upon the balcony and by the glass doors which lead to it. At the back of this hall is a fireplace nook which, though smaller than the one below, is still large enough to accommodate two comfortable built-in seats. The remainder of the space is occupied by the two bathrooms, one of which serves for the guest chambers at one end of the house, and the other as a private bath for the owner's suite of chamber and dress-



DETAIL OF LIVING ROOM IN BRICK HOUSE.

ing room. Such a suite was required in this particular house, but the arrangement might easily be modified to allow two bedrooms instead, as the only alteration needed would be the omission of the connecting door and the adding of closets between, as in the case of the guest chambers.

It will be seen throughout the interior arrangements of these houses that every detail is planned for comfort and convenience as well as beauty. The built-in fittings are especially noticeable in this respect.

PUEBLO ARCHITECTURE FOR MODERN BUILDINGS



PUEBLO ARCHITECTURE ADAPTED TO MODERN NEEDS IN NEW MEXICO

WE have grown accustomed to look to the West for our best examples of the building art that is rapidly developing in this country,—an art that grows out of the requirements suggested by the character of the landscape, the climate and the use to which the buildings are to be put. We have seen the development of the old Mission style that belongs so peculiarly to California into something that preserves all its characteristics while adapting them to modern needs, and we have watched with interest the modification of the bungalow into dwellings that harmonize with the life and surroundings of the Pacific Coast as completely as the stately old plantation house harmonized with the patriarchal, hospitable life of the South before the war, or the Colonial house with the needs of the New England farmer or villager. Everywhere there is the same tendency to seek for simplicity and truth in our architecture as well as our art; to cast aside imitation and affectation and build the houses that belong naturally to the country.

But most interesting of all, because most daring in its simplicity and complete fitness, is the plan of the Regents of the University of New Mexico, who are building the University after the design of the old Pueblos, modified to meet the requirements of modern comfort and convenience, but un-

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO: DESIGNED FROM PUEBLO ARCHITECTURE: KWATAKA: BOYS' DORMITORY.

changed as to general form and characteristics. The idea was a stroke of genius on the part of President W. G. Tight of the University, a scholarly man who had made a special study of the Pueblo Indians and their ancient architecture, and who saw the possibilities of comfort, convenience and economy in this prehistoric style, which was as much a part of the country as the *mesas* themselves. While much of the enthusiasm of President Tight for the Pueblo style of architecture was due to the desire of the archæologist to preserve the building art of a vanishing race and so perpetuate the memory of the most ancient civilization upon this continent, practical considerations had much to do with his suggestion and earnest advocacy of the plan. In the first place, the University was a young and struggling in-



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND RODEY HALL. Institution which had not much money at its command, so that it was absolutely necessary to build as economically as possible, and in a way that allowed for indefinite expansion and addition to the first buildings

PUEBLO ARCHITECTURE FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

without tearing down anything that had been done. Then the climate had to be considered; the fierce, dry heat of summer, the violent wind storms and the chill dampness of winter. Above all things, the buildings must have walls so perfectly insulated that they would be cool in summer and warm and dry in the rainy season. The arrangement must be suitable to the communal life of the University, and the form in harmony with the strongly characteristic landscape of New Mexico, with its boundless plains and the towering *mesas* and their steep declivities and tablelike tops.

The answer to all these requirements he found in the ancient communal cliff-dwellings. At first, the scheme of adapting this massive, primitive style of architecture to the needs of the University met with overwhelming opposition, but gradually one after the other of those in authority were



TRI ALPHA FRATERNITY HOUSE: DESIGNED FROM A PUEBLO ESTUFA.

won over to President Tigh's point of view, and the experiment was tried. It instantly attracted the attention and met with the unqualified approval of artists and architects, who welcomed it as something so entirely fitting in its surroundings that it marked a new epoch in the architecture of this country. The people of Albuquerque, where the University is located, grew used to the strangeness of the buildings and began by degrees to appreciate their rugged and primitive beauty. The students found their quarters entirely comfortable and satisfactory, and all went well for several years. Then a new president came to the University,—a man of traditions foreign to New Mexican life. He found the buildings interesting in a way, but was much shocked at their departure from modern conventionality. They looked Indian, not civilized, and did not begin to be as graceful and ornate, as the modern Mission buildings of Stanford University in California. In vain did the builders plead that the Mission ar-



A FRATERNITY HOUSE.

chitecture, while entirely in harmony with Californian life, traditions and environment, had no place in New Mexico and no reason for being there. The new president much preferred Mission architecture himself and saw no reason why it should not be mingled with the Pueblo to the advantage of both. As was to be expected, he found many good people in Albuquerque to side with him,—people who had always been a little horrified at the idea of adapting the cliff dwellings to the uses of "white folks,"—and when the need for additional buildings came up, there was a strong movement to introduce the modern Mission style to soften and "prettify" the severity of the massive Pueblo structures. The battle has been strenuous, for the men who designed and helped to construct the first buildings are one and all enthusiasts for the preservation of the original style, and artists, architects and archaeologists everywhere have upheld them in deprecating any departure from it,—especially in the direction of such an incongruous mixture as the Mission buildings



HOKONA: GIRLS' DORMITORY.

would be,—and from all accounts it is not yet settled, for the influence of the Philistine is strong in the land. But it is earnestly to be hoped that the original style will be adhered to. If it is, New Mexico will

PUEBLO ARCHITECTURE FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

have the most remarkable group of University buildings in the world.

The illustrations given here show plainly why the Pueblo style is worthy of perpetuation, for its quality is apparent even when the buildings are pictured apart from their environment. To anyone who has ever been in New Mexico, their charm is doubled, for the long low masses of them, with their straight lines, broken spaces and severely plain surfaces, belong so completely to the landscape of that region that they might have grown out of the ground. As will be observed, each building forms a unit capable of indefinite extension without loss of character or symmetry, and the effect of the whole group upon the big flat campus of the University may be imagined by anyone who is familiar with the wonderfully picturesque quality of the Pueblos themselves. The idea of the builders was that no one of the buildings exists to itself, but that all will ultimately spread until they become parts of one enormous structure capable of accommodating all the population, and giving room for all the varied activities of the University.

The central heating plant was the first to be built. This is, with the exception of the fraternity house modeled on the *estufa*, or underground council chamber of the Indians, the most primitive of all in style. From it underground pipes carry heat to all the other buildings. The men's dormitory, *Kwataka*, is two stories in height and contains thirty-two rooms. Not far away is *Hokona*, the women's dormitory in the beginning, but destined as the University grows to be extended toward *Kwataka* until the two form one huge dormitory for men, the idea being to build a new dormitory for women near the center of the campus. It is over this new dormitory that the battle rages at present, for the advocates of the modern Mission style have drawn up an elaborate plan, full of arches and colonnaded porches; while those who cling to the original idea would have it in harmony with the buildings illustrated here. The two dormitories show the beginning of extensive modification, and its height is reached in the group composed of Administration and Rodey Halls. In no case, however, is there any departure from the chief characteristics of the old Pueblos,—the low, broken skyline, produced by the different heights of the rooms in series, the broken

parapets which mask the staircases, and the heavy straight beams and lintels which are used as exclusively as in ancient Greek architecture. The beams which support the roofs are invariably left exposed, serving as a decorative feature of the construction both inside and outside the building. They cross all the ceilings and appear in all the porches, adding much to the massive look of the whole structure. All the logs used in the University buildings were squared by hand, and tree trunks, stripped of their bark, were used for all outside pillars and supports. The roofs are all flat and are made of adobe like the walls, the drainage being by means of water spouts carried through the parapets. The rooms are square, the larger ones being simply two or more squares thrown into one.

All the decorations, both exterior and interior, are Indian pictures and symbols, painted in dull earthy colors upon the adobe walls. The work of decoration is proceeding slowly, as the object is to preserve the best of the old Indian art and symbolism by employing only the most skilled craftsmen to copy exactly the designs made at the period when the Indian pictorial art reached its highest development. In this way, the walls will serve as ethnological records. The furniture is of the simplest, and all the hangings are made of characteristic Indian fabrics.

The walls of all the buildings are made of brick and stone, covered inside and out with cement so that they are absolutely impervious to moisture. The flat roofs are made by laying sheeting upon the lower rafters, or beams, and covering the sheeting first with a layer of building paper and then with two inches of adobe. Above this is another set of rafters, more sheeting and finally a thick layer of granite paper. This secures perfect insulation against both heat and cold. Hot water is supplied in summer by means of tanks on the roofs of the dormitories. These are covered over with mound-shaped roofs of cement, not unlike the Indian bake-ovens in appearance. All the buildings are fitted with all modern conveniences such as steam heat, running water, electric lights, baths; etc., and are extremely comfortable to live in despite the close resemblance they bear to the cliff dwellings in which the Hopi lived and worked before the dawn of history on the American continent.

UNIQUE FRENCH METAL WORK

THE UNIQUE METAL WORK OF JEAN DUNAND: BY AMALIE BUSCK DEADY

CRAFTWORK in Paris is not gathered under one roof nor have the workers founded any society, but in almost every place where there is a fine arts exhibition some craftwork will be found; the public takes a great interest in it, and prices that would make an American worker gasp, are being paid for these "objets d'art."

The French Government encourages the crafts, in the same way it encourages painting and sculpture—by buying "the best" for the museums.

No visitor to the galleries who has any interest in the craft movement will pass by the cases there without stopping and enjoying the Lalique jewelry, the Damouse *pâte de verre*, the Gallé glass or the Cazin pottery (these names are taken at random, there are hundreds of others) and he will generally marvel at their wonderful technique even if he may often wish that the designs were not quite so Art Nouveau.

One of the men who has withstood the influence of what Mr. Wilson calls "the undying worm" is M. Jean Dunand.

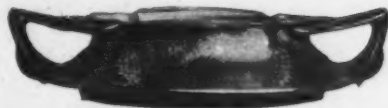
His training has been that of a sculptor, but the different materials have always

FIG. 6.



UNIQUE LEAD VASE.

interested him, so he is not confining himself to wax, clay or marble; but while he still uses all these materials, he has added to



GRAVY BOAT OF SILVER REPOUSSÉ: FIG. 4.

them bronze, silver, copper, brass, steel and lately orioide, pewter, lead, and a silver and copper, and a steel and gold combination which are his own invention and with which he gets remarkable results.

A visit to his workrooms is most interesting; besides being an excellent lesson in honesty and patience, it teaches you that if you really wish to produce something worth while, there are no short cuts.



COPPER VASE: FIG. 3: BELONGING TO MUSÉE DES ARTS DECORATIF, PARIS.

To get at his ideas on the subject, I asked him, while admiring a beauty of a vase three feet high (Fig. 1) and considering the time it must have taken to raise it from a flat sheet: "Could you not get as good a result if you took a spun or pressed shape and hammered the final form and decoration into it?" "No," said M. Dunand. "When you get a pressed or spun shape your material is all tired out, the cells are stretched to their utmost and you can do nothing with it. You must begin at the beginning: draw your form, then model it in wax, then take your metal sheet and shape it by hammering it, and once you have the form of your wax model, put your ornament on, unless your ornament is part of the construction (as in Fig. 2). In that case, of course, you work that out as you go along. As for the patine, you may leave the one that comes while working on the metal or you may clean that off and put on any you like. And not the least charm of M. Dunand's work is his wonderful patine (Fig. 3) belong-



COPPER VASE: FIG. 1.

STEEL VASE DECORATED WITH SILVER: FIG. 7.

A NATION OF GARDENERS

ing to the Museum of Decorative Arts.

In order that the patine may not be spoiled and that the vase or jar may still be perfectly practical, a metal holder is fitted inside each one. This holder can easily be lifted out, cleaned, fresh water and new flowers put in without disturbing the jar itself—a great æsthetic advantage.

PEWTER JAR,
REPOUSSÉ:
FIG. 5.



In the silver gravy boat (Fig. 4) the edge of the holder forms part of the decoration and the holder being there of course prevents the metal handles from getting hot. The pewter jar (Fig. 5) belongs to the French Government, so it will not serve its original purpose of holding flowers, but the edge of the brass holder is here part of the decoration and adds a charming bright touch to the silvery gray. The same is the case in the lead jar (Fig. 6). On one large plain jar I found gold hammered into steel; the



COPPER VASE:
FIG. 2.

method and the results are so totally different from the work done in Toledo that it does not even suggest it, except, because of the two metals used. The color combination is beautiful and the finish on this piece of work exquisite.

M. Dunand has united the hardest with the most brittle material. On a steel jar (Fig. 7), hammered out of a sheet of metal, he has put wrought-iron handles and decorated the neck of the jar with Judas "money," or as the Scotch call it "honesty" of "nacre"—each piece of money is different and still absolutely characteristic of the plant as it sits there in its threadlike silver mounting on the dark steel background.

M. Dunand seems to have an unlimited number of ideas as well as an unending desire to experiment with new materials, so thus far he has never had to repeat himself, but always has something interesting to show in form as well as in color.

The value of an article about such work as M. Dunand is doing is not only to show the beauty of his achievement but present to the public such an example of individual effort in craftsmanship. There seems to be no limit to M. Dunand's enthusiasm and interest. He apparently recognizes no rules and bows to no traditions.

A NATION OF GARDENERS

"JAPAN'S entire area is not equal to that of California by 9,000 square miles, yet it supports a great world power of 45,000,000 people, which is more than the population of Great Britain. Japan's garden lands (it has no farms) would only equal one-half of New York State after deducting from that State enough to make Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In other words, Japan has 19,000 square miles of garden lands—on which 30,000,000 people or two-thirds of its entire population live—yet it raises enough to export products worth \$200,000,000. One writer has graphically stated the case when he says that Japan has by her advanced and intensive gardening methods, fed, clothed and educated her millions, stacked up gold in treasury and out-marshalled all other nations in the Far East: all this and more out of the profits of the harvest gleaned from a farm area scarcely large enough to afford storage room for the agricultural machinery in use in the United States. It is such facts as these that should help us to see the good in all things and to recognize that while we are a great people, there are others. Hurrah for our flag, certainly, but have respect for all peoples of the earth. And learn, too, the dignity of labor, especially of labor on the farm and in the garden."—From *The Grange*.

ANTIQUE SWISS SILVER JEWELRY

ANCIENT SWISS JEWELRY: BY J. VAN SOMMER: PART ONE

SWITZERLAND has always had a special charm in the workmanship of her jewelry and watches and in all those ornamental articles which are included in her word, *bijouterie*. On looking over the cases in a Swiss Museum containing specimens of the ancient jeweler's art one notices at once a difference between the Swiss jewelry and that of France, Germany or Italy. The difference



SWISS FILIGREE AND ENAMEL WORK.

is that the jewelers in those countries copied the older classical designs, or they used again and again crowns, shields and other emblems of royalty, which the republican goldsmiths of Switzerland disliked either to use or to copy.

The natural result of this was originality in design, and the Swiss workmen in time matured the favorite designs of their country; namely, the filigree work for dress ornaments and the use of enamel. Here as elsewhere we find that where originality in design engrosses the workers the perfection of workmanship is attained.

In the earliest days the absence of imitation may not have been conducive to brilliant ornamentation. To nature they went for their inspiration and for conceptions in light and color, and in the little works of nature they found their admirable delicacy, order and symmetry. Among the commoner designs of that period were necklaces of red coral and golden acorns as shown in illustration on this page.

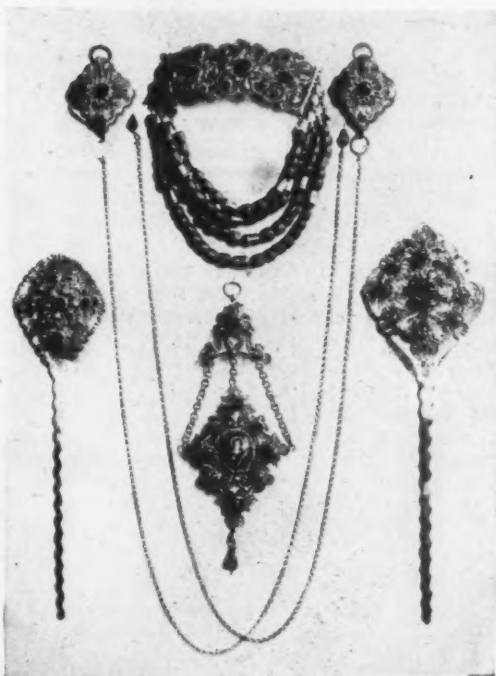
The chief work, however, of the earlier silversmiths, beginning about the XVIIth century, was to make the silver dress ornaments, which were



SWISS FILIGREE SILVER ROSETTES.

varied for the different cantons and were influenced in shape and mode of wearing by the eventful and martial history of the Confederacy.

There is a book written by a Monsieur Charles Blanc of Paris, who was a high authority on jewelry, on the "Arts in Dress and Ornamentation." In this book the writer states what he considers the essential conditions in the composition of jewelry, and also what he terms the "modes" necessary for beauty, proportion and unity employed in correct ornamentation, in which he also says there should be rhythm and *metron*. The "modes" are, he says, the Repetition, the Alteration, the Star, the Geometrical design and the Consonance.



OLD SWISS ORNAMENTS OF SILVER, CORAL AND ENAMEL.

ANTIQUe SWISS SILVER JEWELRY

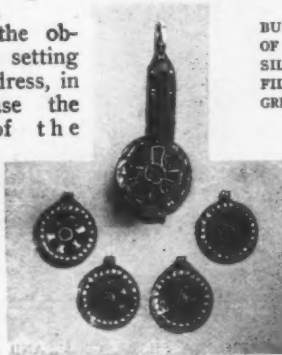
Monsieur Blanc tells us among other things how in the more barbarous times the men monopolized ornament. Pearls and turquoises, signifying Poetry and Purity, were for the young, topazes and amber ropes for those a little older, as they show the *maladie du sentiment*, to be exchanged for diamonds and the brilliancy of life after marriage; and in their turn perhaps replaced by the onyx and jet. The special bearing, however, of so high an authority as Monsieur Blanc on our special subject of Swiss art is found in what he says in his admiration for



SWISS PEASANT GIRLS IN COSTUMES DECORATED WITH FILIGREE JEWELRY.

the work of that celebrated artist in jewels at the royal courts in Europe, Benvenuto Cellini. His work was not so much the setting of jewels, but of using jewels in gold and silver ornaments of a fairly large size, together with miniatures and enamels, and Monsieur Blanc says that this "mode" of design was peculiarly adapted to the artistic setting off of dress.

Now the object of setting off the dress, in this case the dress of the



BUTTONS OF SILVER FILIGREE.

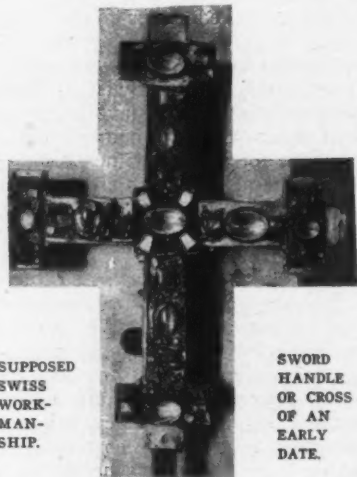


FILIGREE EARRING IN THE CENTER OF SPACE: A VERY ANCIENT SPECIMEN OF THIS WORK.

BURGOMASTER COLLAR OF SWISS GOLDSMITH'S WORK, BELONGING TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY EXPRESSION OF FILIGREE WORK.

cantonal costumes, became the chief aim of the Swiss jewelers, and for this purpose they made the large silver ornaments combined with miniatures and enamel.

It is then worthy of notice that the artificers in Switzerland who were working with this object, and the unique Italian



SUPPOSED SWISS WORKMANSHIP.

SWORD HANDLE OR CROSS OF AN EARLY DATE.

Cellini working in Paris with the same aim in view, should both have produced work of the same character; and so the Swiss work becomes included in the verdict of Monsieur Blanc as being the most

CRAFTSMAN CABINETWORK AND METAL WORK

effective kind of jewelry for adding distinction to costume.

This is making a distinction between jewels worn to adorn the person and jewelry to adorn the dress, and in a second part of this article we will show in pictorial form the result of the jeweler's art on Swiss costumes.

Antiquarians have, as we might say, found the original expression in filigree art in Switzerland in the shape of an earring dug up in the Canton of Valais. It shows twisted wire work as small as a germ. Filigree means wire-thread work. Another illustration, believed to be Swiss work of a very early period, is of a rich jeweled cross, which shows this minute filigree work a little larger, as rosettes on metal.

This mode of making the rosettes with the wire work was light and bright, but the effect was lost when used as a single ornament, hence arose the custom of joining the rosettes with three or four silver chains.

These dress ornaments became a special art of the Swiss silversmiths, and we doubt if it has yet seen its most successful day. We will give our reasons for our belief in Part Two. It certainly adds more than any other ornamentation to the natural grace and figure of a woman.

To quote our gallant Frenchman once more, he says that "women can equally be admired with or without jewels," but he adds "men should not deny them when possible the joy of the mirror."

In enamel work Swiss workmanship has also achieved great success. A fine necklace is of burnished gold with flowers in their own colors of purple and green.

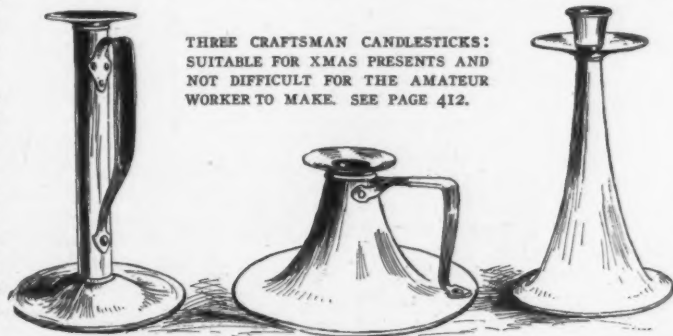
The enameled clasp is scarlet on a white ground. The effect is brilliant, but here photography fails entirely to reproduce effect. The necklace is in the National Museum.

On page 409 we have shown a kind of half-jewel half-ornament of exquisite filigree work with jeweled and enameled lids, set with precious stones and flowers in their own colors. It has characteristic brightness.

CRAFTSMAN JARDINIÈRE PEDESTALS AND CANDLE- STICKS

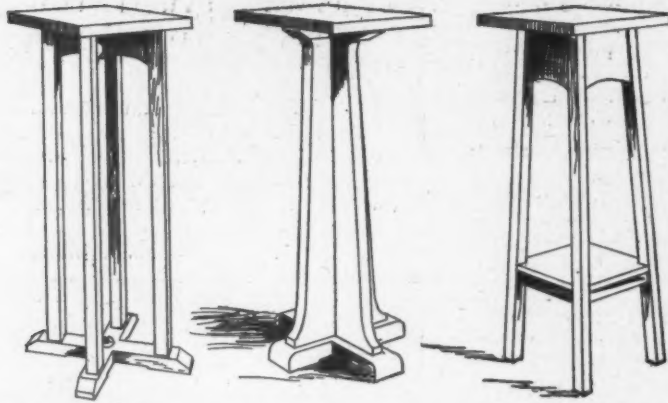
THREE firmly made and substantial pedestals to hold jardinière, lamp or anything that seems to require a stand of its own, are the designs we give this month for home cabinet workers. The construction is very much the same as that of ordinary tables, only not so difficult, as these pieces are more compact and there is not the large top to reckon with. The joining of a large table top is one of the most difficult pieces of work for an amateur cabinetmaker, as it requires more care and exactness than almost any other detail.

Pedestal No. 1 is put together very strongly. Two cleats are made, and each one is "halved" so that one slips over the other in the form of a cross. The cleats are mortised into the posts and fastened with dowel pins that run through both posts and mortises. The base, which is also in the form of a cross, is made after the same fashion as the cleats. The under sides of the crosspieces are sawed out, leaving an opening under the central part, so that the stand rests upon the ends of the base. The posts are carefully mortised into the base. A small hole is bored in the center of the cross, and a pin with a large head and shoulder is driven in until the shoulder fits tightly into the wood. A similar pin fastens together the cross cleats at the top. The stand is 32 inches high and the posts are $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches square. The pieces that form the base are 3 inches wide by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. The cross cleats under the top are made of boards $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, shaped so that the lower part is slightly curved. The posts are framed together so that the



THREE CRAFTSMAN CANDLESTICKS:
SUITABLE FOR XMAS PRESENTS AND
NOT DIFFICULT FOR THE AMATEUR
WORKER TO MAKE. SEE PAGE 412.

CRAFTSMAN CABINETWORK AND METAL WORK



THREE JARDINIÈRE PEDESTALS.

distance across them is $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches each way. The top is 14 inches square, and is screwed on with table clamps just as an ordinary table top would be.

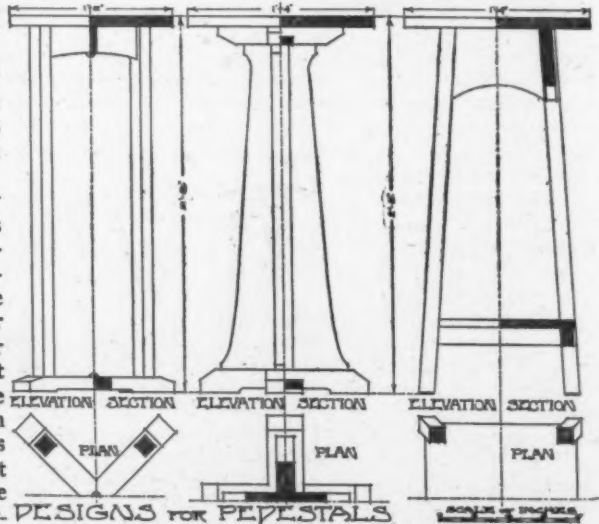
Pedestal No. 2 has a single standard, which is formed of four pieces of wood sawed to the shape of the pattern. The outer edge is sawed at an angle, while the inner edge should be at right angles with the base. These inner edges are beveled so that they meet in a point at the center. When all is carefully fitted, the standard is glued together. The cross cleats under the top are halved and glued, then fastened to the top of the standard with dowel pins. The base is halved and firmly doweled to the standard, and table clamps are used to fasten on the top. The height of this stand is 32 inches, the top 16 inches square and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. The cleats under the top are 2×3 inches, the base $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the pieces of wood forming the standard are $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick.

Pedestal No. 3. Except for the dimensions, this piece is formed very much like an ordinary sewing table or tabouret. The broad rails at the top are curved on the lower side and mortised into the four posts. The straight rails that support the bottom shelf are fastened to the posts with dowel pins, and the shelf is notched at the corners to fit the posts and fastened to the rails with screws from under-

neath. The spread of the posts at the bottom is 14 inches. The height of this stand is the same, 32 inches, with a top 16 inches square projecting beyond the posts 3 inches on all sides. The wide rails under the top and the lower shelf are made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch stuff. The posts are $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches square, and the rail under the shelf is 2 inches wide by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The top is fitted around the posts.

For metal workers there are three candlesticks of simple design, but unusually graceful shape. All three rest upon broad bases, so that they are not easily tipped over. They are not only attractive, but practical for ordinary use. They may be made of either brass or copper, as desired.

Candlestick No. 1 is made of brass or copper tubing in any desired size. As shown here the tubing used is $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch across and made of No. 18 gauge metal. The piece of tubing used for this candlestick is 6 inches long. After annealing it, a narrow rim is turned at each end to allow the candle cup to slip in at the top and the tube to be fitted to the base at the bottom. The drawing sufficiently illustrates the



DESIGNS FOR PEDESTALS

ALS IK KAN: REVIEWS: NOTES

shape of the base, which is made of a disk of No. 20 gauge metal hammered upon a piece of soft wood until the desired shape appears. Then the whole surface should be hammered over a ball mandrel, and the edge given a roll by turning it over a small wire. A flange is turned up in the center, and the tubing slips over this and is soldered from the under side. The candle cup slips into the top and is soldered in the same way. The handle, made of No. 16 gauge metal, is cut according to the pattern, hammered so that it is slightly concave, and then riveted to the tubing. The tubing itself should be thoroughly hammered in order to give the desired roughness of surface.

Candlestick No. 2 is made by forming a cone of No. 20 gauge sheet metal and brazing it on the side. The edge is then flared out over a horn mandrel. The same effect could be gained by hammering down the cone from one disk of No. 16 gauge metal, but this is much more difficult to do and a great deal of annealing would be required in order to get it into the desired shape. A small roll is turned over at the top of the cone to form a support for the candle cup, and the base is also rolled by being bent over a wire. The handle is made of No. 10 or 12 gauge metal, one end being split, twisted and bent around the top of the candlestick, while the other is riveted to the bottom.

Candlestick No. 3 is also cone-shaped, but much taller and slenderer in its proportions. No. 20 gauge metal is used, and the cone is brazed on one side in the manner we have already described. The shield that catches the dripping from the candle cup should be hammered over a pitch or block of wood, the surface being smoothed by hammering over a ball mandrel, and the edge turned over and hammered down. The candle cup is made by brazing the side and slightly flaring the top, turning the edge over. The cup and the shield are then riveted together and soldered to the top of the candlestick.

All these candlesticks are easy to make, the idea being to give the amateur metal workers designs that are quite within their power and articles that will make useful and acceptable gifts to friends as well as furnishings for their own homes. In this way many articles of hand-hammered metal may be added from time to time to the household belongings.

ALS IK KAN

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS"

A FEW weeks ago, in a little wayside hamlet in Russia, a weary old man lay dying. For him, the last ties were broken; the long battle of life was done. He had won many victories and suffered many defeats, and now the time was come to rest. Outside the poor hut where he lay, the peasants crowded close, weeping for the loss of their best friend, and whispering that he died because his heart was broken with the weight of his love for them and all mankind. All over the world, men and women watched for news of the man who was to them one of the greatest of modern philosophers, and in the royal and ecclesiastical palaces in St. Petersburg and Moscow the Czar and the priests of the Holy Synod wondered what was to be done to avoid the consequences of allowing such a man to die under the ban of excommunication.

History records few situations more vitally dramatic than this. The whole despotic power of the Greek Church in Russia was pitted against the serene simplicity of one great soul. Thirty years before, he had told the truth about the ecclesiastical oligarchy and had been cast out of the church. Unless churchly dogmas were false and futile, the excommunicated man must be ostracized in life and at death go to eternal damnation. Yet he faced eternity with the trust of a little child, and the people mourned him as a saint. It was a most embarrassing situation, full of danger to the power of the church, and in the face of it the church capitulated, sending priests to the bedside of the dying man to see if they could not gain some admission from him that might be construed into an appeal to be readmitted to the fold, so that the Holy Synod might be spared the necessity of refusing him Christian burial in consecrated ground.

But they gained not one word, and Tolstoy, victorious even in death, was buried without pomp or ceremonial just where he wanted to lie,—on the quiet hillside under "Poverty Oak" at his own home; in the very spot where he and his brothers, as children, had buried their cherished green rocking-horse. Nothing was left for the Holy Synod to do but express the pious

ALS IK KAN: REVIEWS: NOTES

wish that he might find in God a merciful Judge, and send the Cossacks with their whips to disperse the people who mourned.

It was the final triumph of the man whose every triumph had come from fearlessly following the dictates of his own spirit. All his life, he went regardless of the established order of things, but it is doubtful if he was ever fully conscious of doing so. For him, the customs and traditions that tyrannize over mankind simply did not exist. As a rule, he did not defy them except when he found them oppressive, and then he merely brushed them aside as obstructions too trivial to be worth any serious thought. This big simplicity of his,—so complete and so unconscious as to be almost unbelievable,—has given rise to misconception such as seldom falls to the lot of man. He seemed to incarnate in his own powerful, primitive nature all the mysterious racial qualities of the Slav,—and he never thought of concealing one of them. Every impulse, every conviction, was followed or uttered as it came to him, with no more thought of consistency or expediency than he had fear of the world's condemnation. Therefore the world, while bowing before his genius as a writer and his wisdom as a philosopher, has looked askance at him as a reformer, accusing him of both fanaticism and insincerity, as well as overwhelming egotism.

The profoundly pathetic thing about it was that, in one way, these accusations were true. Pathetic because the very quality in the man that made them true was the fundamental quality of sincerity. Every circumstance in his life; every line that he wrote, was part of a self-revelation so simple and complete that few people found it possible to believe. We all know the story: the young aristocrat, wavering between the excesses that were the larger part of life to men of his race and class, and the passionate fits of penitence and self-condemnation that grew out of the introspective, deeply religious side of his nature. The struggle between the flesh and the spirit was as simple as that of a child trying to be good; as profoundly elemental as the clashing of the world-forces in the march of evolution. It was the struggle of man with his environment, and it lasted all his life. He tells us naïvely how, when a boy, he used to scourge himself for his sins until he cried with the pain, and then give it up as a bad job and

spend the next few days in bed, reading novels and luxuriating in his favorite dainties,—gingerbread and Kronov honey. Then, after he was married, and in the midst of his happy patriarchal life on his farm, how the joy of life, from sheer abundance, turned to despair so deep that he dared not take a gun with him when he went for a tramp, lest he might suddenly be tempted to end it all. He mirrored in his own personality the joys and sorrows of the world, and its complexities overwhelmed him. The life of his class, as it was lived in Russia, filled him with a disgust so deep that death seemed the only way out of it, until one day he found peace in the literal application of the words of Christ and sought from that time forward to gain the kingdom of heaven by giving up all his possessions and living a life of toil among simple and believing folk close to the soil.

The dream of his life was to bring about a bloodless revolution of the world by exterminating vice and misery, and the way to do it seemed to be the living of a natural, healthful life, stripped of all unnecessary things and passed in the doing of useful work out in the open. His philosophy of life was that: "Man lives as Nature lives . . . and there are no conditions except those invariable ones which Nature has imposed on the sun, the grass, the animals, the trees. They have no other laws. Happiness is to be one with Nature." So far as his own life was concerned, he acted according to his belief, but for him it became literally true, that "a man's foes shall be those of his own household." Not intentionally so; no man was more deeply and loyally loved by his wife and children than was this aristocrat who became a peasant for love of the people, but they loved him as the world loves, and they were of the world and of their class. He had no choice but to yield and let them go their own way until such time as they might choose to follow him, but the harshest judgment of the world has been visited on him for yielding,—judgment only a little less harsh than that which would have fallen on him had he been consistent throughout and reduced his wife and children to beggary because he believed that property was the crying evil of the world.

He tells us in the early days of his married life that he was the happiest man on earth. He says joyously: "I am head over

ALS IK KAN: REVIEWS: NOTES

ears in farming, and Sonia is as deep in it as I. We have no steward, and she herself plays bailiff and keeps the accounts. I have bees and sheep, and a new garden, and a spirit distillery." When the children came, life was well nigh perfect. His one thought was of them. He was their jolliest playmate when at home, and if he was obliged to be away he was haunted by the fear that all might not be well at home. Yet when the profoundest conviction of his life overwhelmed him, the care for his family broadened almost in spite of him into care for mankind so that he would have stripped them of every penny that they might follow with him the footsteps of the Christ.

Then the mother had to choose, and her choice was as tragically hard as his. Her brother tells us of the struggle she had. "I have hard work now," she said to him. "I must do everything myself, whereas formerly I was only a helper. The property and the education of the children are entirely in my hands; yet people find fault with me for doing this and not going about begging! Should I not have gone with him if I had not had young children? But he has forgotten everything in his doctrines." It was the world-old tragedy, and the two suffered equally,—the man in the grip of a belief that was to him the key of life; the mother fighting for her children.

Because both were simple and sincere, their life went on with some measure of tranquillity. Tolstoy, as always, did the thing that was natural to him. He had outlived the complexities of civilized existence, and material things fell away from him because their value was gone. He lived only in the realm of the spiritual, taking the physical life which had meant so much to him as unconsciously as an animal. The world jeered at him as a *poseur* because he did the work, ate the food and wore the clothes that belonged to the life he had chosen and made him one with the simple toilers who were his friends and children, but the chances are that, after the first keen appreciation of their fitness, he never thought anything about it. His mind was filled with the larger work that his spirit drove him to do, and in preaching his gospel and immortalizing the salient features of his people and his times so that all the world might come to understand his beloved Russia, he simply allowed all superfluous things to fall away as they would.

And that they did fall away so completely is due to the woman who fought for the worldly welfare of his children, but never ceased to care for him as the most helpless of them all. As in their youth she freely forgave the sins which he freely confessed to her, so to the end she bore with his weaknesses, worshiped his greatness, indulged his fancies, toiled at his side in every phase of his mental struggle and achievement, and shielded him from the pettiness and friction of life that his spirit might soar unhampered to the heights. When, at the end, it broke away even from her care, she followed him without a word of reproach and—waited outside until he needed her. The need never came, for his spirit had already melted into the universal and, like a dying lion, he sought solitude that the wornout body might drop away without hindrance. Well might the uneasiness of the Holy Synod, the clamor of the priests, be unheeded by both of them. Fears regarding his own "salvation" were very far from the man who roused from unconsciousness to whisper: "There are millions of people and many sufferers in the world. Why are you anxious about me? It is death, that's all." And the gossip of the world about past troubles and misunderstandings were equally far from the weeping woman who knelt by his bier, saying over and over again to those who would have comforted her: "The light of the world is gone."

IF BUSINESS SLACKENS, WHAT THEN?

MR. James J. Hill is prophesying sad things for the business of this country as a result of the reform movement that expressed itself so emphatically in the recent elections. He does not go so far as a panic, but he predicts dull times and a general slowing down of the wheels of commerce and industry under the brakes that are likely to be applied if the people are permitted to say to the great corporations,—especially to the railroads,—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." He specially deprecates the opposition to the raise in rates recently put in force by all the railroads; recapitulates the enormous benefit to the country that has grown out of railroad enterprise, and hints that persistent attempts at regulation may lead to a cessation of this enterprise, which would inevitably result in general stagnation.

This plea of the capitalist has grown so threadbare with much use that it is surpris-

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ing that so strong a man as Mr. Hill brings it out once more to serve as a bugbear. The people have been fooled so often by implied threats of this kind that they have at last grown wise. During the past few years they have been experiencing some of the "advantages" that grow out of the capitalists' idea of prosperity and business expansion, and they have found that the oil which keeps the wheels of business whirling at maximum speed comes pretty expensive, and that in the long run the worker pays for it all. In the old days, when the everyday citizen was more inclined to believe and do as he was told to by the financial powers, he was very easily frightened by the threat of dull times, or placated by a little sop like "the full dinner-pail" that elected McKinley and gave us the tariff which we are now struggling to overthrow, but every year of hard experience brings home to him more forcibly the short-sighted folly of grasping at the small advantage because it offers immediate relief, when the price he pays for it is ultimate victory that might have been his if he had had the resolution to hold on until he forced a more equitable adjustment of business conditions." It has been a hard lesson, but the workers who bear the burden and heat of the day are beginning at last to apply to the larger problems of life the same kind of judgment and discrimination that goes to make them good workmen.

Mr. Hill's argument in favor of letting the railroads do as they please, and charge what they please for the transportation of freight and passengers, lest the business of the country should lessen in volume, is based on pioneer conditions which have long been outgrown. When a great part of the country was a wilderness, the need for means of transportation was so pressing that the railroads were given almost every concession they chose to ask,—and as they have not been at all backward about asking, they have grown like Jonah's gourd and have reaped a golden harvest. But now the country is settled; industry is well established and there is need for a readjustment on a fairer basis. To assert that the railroads should continue to have things all their own way because they ruled the country while they were helping to build it up, is much the same thing as to argue that a city which was once a mining camp should continue under the rule of a committee of Vigilantes lest law and order perish. Also, it is time

the railroads learned to "play the game." Big affairs are not so unlike small affairs, after all. If seven men were sitting in to a game of poker, and one of the seven insisted on playing with marked cards because he had always done so and it was the only way he could win, backing up his argument with a threat to break up the game unless he were given this advantage, the immediate action of the other six would be a foregone conclusion. When the common carriers which are the servants of the public threaten to lessen their service unless they are allowed to charge prohibitive rates at discretion and refuse all supervision of their business, the chances are that the people will find some way to see that the railroad service continues to be adequate to their needs.

Even if business does slacken from its present pace, it is not an irreparable misfortune. The natural means of supporting life will not be lessened; the crops will be as big as ever; work must go on to produce the necessities of life. The purchasing power of most men's wages or salaries has already been reduced to the vanishing point under "prosperous" business conditions controlled by the will of the corporations, and it may not be a misfortune for most people to be compelled to turn to more natural ways of making a living for a while, if only for the sake of future peace.

REVIEWS

PEASANT ART IN SWEDEN, LAPLAND AND ICELAND

THE autumn number of *The Studio* for 1910 is unusually interesting, as it gives over 600 illustrations in color and black and white of the highly developed art of the peasants in Sweden, Lapland and Iceland. The text accompany-



CARVED SWEDISH BED: 1734: FROM SKÅNE.

ing these pictures is an admirable history of peasant art in these countries, explaining the desire for color and decoration that has led the peasant to utilize the long winter

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SWEDISH IRON
DOOR LOCK.

months in carving, painting and embroidery,—almost every article of household or farm use, as well as everything for personal wear.

Most of the examples of Swedish art are taken from the open-air museum of Skansen at Stockholm, as in this museum the best examples obtainable of peasant art are presented amid their own surroundings. Typical old buildings have been purchased, taken to pieces and reërected at Skansen, and the rooms of these buildings have been furnished in strict accordance with the customary arrangement of such houses. Also, in the Northern Museum at Lejonslätten furniture and articles of domestic use have been brought together in such a way as to form typical interiors in which are shown



FESTIVAL DRESS FROM
DALARNE, SWEDEN.

all manner of decorated articles. Among these are quaint old carved bedsteads, the heavy oak doors covered with a lacework of iron wrought into all manner of intricate forms, carved and painted cabinets, tables, chairs and boxes, and all manner of household utensils shaped into quaint forms and ornamented with elaborate and intricate carving. The forms were gracefully shaped and richly carved, and every bit of metal work used indoors and out was made a thing of beauty. Special care was lavished on the distaffs used by the housewife and her



PAINTED WOODEN PUZZLE
CUP FROM HALLAND.

daughters. These are marvels of color and carving, and the hand mangles, clothes rails, wooden spoons, drinking cups and butter tubs are hardly less elaborate. Very interesting silverwork is seen among the tableware, most of which is decorated with engraving or in repoussé.

The linen and cotton wall-hangings are covered solidly with embroidery in brilliant colors, and the woolen tapestries, bed-covers, chair covers and carriage cushions, are as elaborate in design as any of the old French tapestries. Articles of personal wear, such as women's



CARVED
HAME FROM
SMÅLAND.

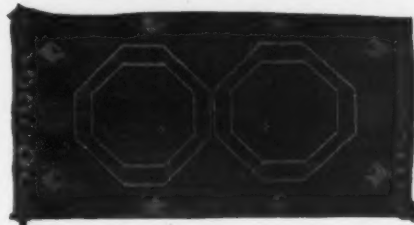
gloves and scarf ends, are beautifully embroidered and edged with fur, and the lace made for the women's caps can bear comparison with some of the famous lace of Europe.

The examples from Lapland show many articles of carved reindeer horn, ornamented as richly as the Swedish peasants ornament similar articles made of wood.



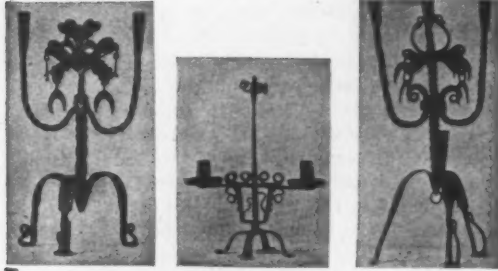
WOODEN DOOR WITH
WROUGHT-IRON MOUNT
FROM SWEDEN.

The silver and silver-gilt jewelry of both countries show the same rich and vivid fancy. In Iceland the carving is much flatter and simpler in character, and the designs are less intricate. The laurel leaf is



SWEDISH WOOLEN CARRIAGE RUG.

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SWEDISH WROUGHT-IRON CANDLESTICKS.

much used, and the effects are subtle rather than bold, although they show the primitive quality throughout. Altogether this number of *The Studio* forms a valuable



WROUGHT IRON
GRAVE CROSS.

Illustrated. Price, \$3.00 net. Postage 35c.)

The Illustrations used in this Review are from the Autumn number of *The Studio*: By permission of the Editor.

TALES OF THE TENEMENTS: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THE "tenements" in these tales are not of the usual city variety, but farms on Mr. Phillpotts' favorite Dartmoor, the only difference being that they are rented instead of owned by the farmers. The stories bring in a number of the characters with whom we are already familiar, although they are chiefly concerned with the adventures of the friends and neighbors of the people who

have lived before us in "The Secret Woman" and "The Thief of Virtue." Each one of these sketches is worked out in the familiar vivid style which has made Mr. Phillpotts one of the foremost of modern novelists. Some are grimly tragic, others rollicking with the pawky rustic humor of Dartmoor. On the whole, comedy predominates, as if the author had taken a holiday from the sterner side of life, but the relentless psychology of his

more serious books is all there, making each incident stand out with the significance of a whole cycle of human experience compressed within the compass of one event. (Published by John Lane Co., New York. 335 pages. Price \$1.50.)

HUNTING WITH THE ESKIMOS: BY HARRY WHITNEY

THE love of perilous adventure in strange lands which is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race has been the greatest factor in man's final conquest of the globe. It is not alone to the explorer, the scientist, the soldier or the pioneer that we owe our knowledge of the remotest fastnesses of the earth, but also to the sportsman, who, merely for the sake of killing unusual game or doing what no man has ever done before, will endure unheard of suffering and dare the daily peril of death.

We are told the story of such adventure in the book written by Mr. Harry Whitney, an American sportsman who sailed to the Arctic regions two years ago as Commander Peary's guest on the *Roosevelt*. With two friends bound on the same quest as himself Mr. Whitney reshipped on the *Erik* for the farthest point north that he could reach. His desire was to hunt walrus, musk-ox and other large aquatic game, and polar bears if he were so fortunate as to come within reach of them. The trip was so successful that when the *Erik* reached the end of her voyage Mr. Whitney determined to remain among the ice fields until her return a year later. Every means was used to dissuade him, but he persisted, and the story of his life among the Eskimos and the thrilling adventures he experienced in his hunt for Arctic big game is all told in this book. The tale is interesting to a degree, not merely as an exciting story of adventure, but chiefly because of the intimate view it gives of Eskimo life and the conditions that obtain north of the Arctic circle. It is amply illustrated from photographs and forms a

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valuable ethnological record, besides giving a vivid impression of the regions of perpetual snow and ice. (Published by The Century Co., New York. Illustrated. 453 pages. Price \$3.50 net.)

THE CONSTRUCTION OF A HOUSE: BY CHARLES GOURLAY

STUDENTS of architecture as well as working architects will find much of value in the analysis of building construction as it is presented in this book. Mr. Gourlay, who is Professor of Architecture and Building Construction in the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, understands how to do the thing he is talking about as well as how to teach others to do it. He takes as an example an English country house, including a motor house and chauffeur's lodge, giving every detail of its construction from foundation to roof by means of a set of forty plates containing plans and detail drawings. The author's purpose is to induce the student to prepare a similar set of drawings for a building of his own design. He deprecates the copying of the drawings given in the book, as these are meant merely to be suggestive of the necessary details and the method of working them out. He holds that by doing so the student will obtain a more comprehensive knowledge of all the varied processes which are inevitable in the construction of a building than if he were to attempt to attain this end by the study of detached portions which do not form one complete design. For this reason the book is unusual, and should be most valuable. It is large enough to allow the printing of good-sized drawings, so that the details are all clearly given. (Published by John Lane Co., New York. Illustrated. 65 pages. Price \$2.75 net; postage 25c.)

CUBA: BY IRENE A. WRIGHT

THIS is the story of Cuba as seen through the keenly observant eyes of a trained newspaper woman whose work for the past ten years has chiefly concerned the life and doings of this island. Miss Wright's connection with local newspapers kept her traveling through the several provinces, so that she had an excellent opportunity to observe Cuban life at first hand, and her appointment later as special agent of the Cuban Department of Agriculture and then as editor of a monthly magazine which describes the island from both agricultural and industrial points of view have combined to give her a grasp of her subject that is sel-

dom found among writers attempting to describe a foreign land.

Her descriptions are vivid, her observations searching, but she has no use for the republican form of government established by the United States in Cuba. As regards the capacity of the Cubans to govern themselves she concurs entirely with a Cuban official who said to an American, speaking of the newly established government: "You claimed to be our friend, yet you handed us a loaded pistol knowing we would shoot ourselves."

From this viewpoint Miss Wright gives a keen and searching review of political conditions as they exist in Cuba, asserting with a good deal of reason that the form of government which was adopted by the United States as a climax of a logical course of development extending through generations of time and experience was utterly unfitted to the needs of Cuba. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 512 pages. Price \$2.50 net.)

PRINCESS FLOWER HAT: BY MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

THIS is a pleasant little story of a young woman who grew tired of fashionable life and started farming by way of gaining an interest in life and being really independent. How she progresses with her enterprise is told by our old friend *Barbara*, who figured as the heroine of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife." The book can hardly be called a profound psychological study, but it is an amusing little romance with which to pass an idle hour. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 283 pages. Price \$1.50.)

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

A beautiful edition of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" has been issued in time for the holidays. It is gorgeously illustrated in colors by Willy Pogány, who has suggested with admirable vigor and delicacy the strange and ghostly spirit of the poem. The letterpress, done in old blackletter with illuminated borders and initials, is the work of the same artist, who has evidently regarded his task in much the same spirit as the monkish artists of old approached the illumination of their missals. The book is 12x9 inches in size and is bound in dull green, richly decorated with gold. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Illustrated in drawing and color. Price \$5.00 net.)

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THE GUILLOTINE CLUB: BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE short story which gives this book its rather sanguinary title is the first of a group of four, all interesting and unusual. The Guillotine Club" is not as tragic as it sounds, for it concerns the adventures of an American diplomat with two secret organizations in Paris. One of these is a club of aristocrats, descendants of men and women who suffered during the Terror, and the other is a club of Jacobines. The most deadly enmity exists between the two clubs, and an annual duel is fought by chosen representatives. The chain of circumstances by which one man is chosen by both clubs to fight this duel,—which must necessarily be with himself, and the way he is extricated from the dilemma by his ingenious American friend, makes the tale a comedy rather than a tragedy. The second story in the book, "The Fourteenth Guest," is rather tragic in a subtle way, and the other two are of the same character.

(Published by The Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 285 pages. Price \$1.50.)

THE BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP: BY SAMUEL McCORD CROTHERS

ANOTHER holiday book of "The Friendly Library" is "The Book of Friendship," also an anthology of famous utterances on the subject of friendship in all its phases. It is made up entirely of quotations from famous writers, and these snatches are humorous, satirical, philosophical or sentimental, according to the viewpoint and experience of the writer. In most instances, the selections have been made with so much judgment that to read one or the other of these scattered fragments serves either to recall some beloved book, or to stimulate the desire to read one that may not be familiar except by its reputation in the realm of literature. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 331 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

ATTITUDES AND AVOWALS: BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE title of this book is rather fantastic, but singularly descriptive of its contents, for some of the essays are plainly attitudes and nothing more, and others are as clearly avowals that are at times rather startlingly candid. The Profession of Poet is one of the latter, for here Mr. Le Gallienne undertakes to explain the frequent aberrations

of men gifted with poetic genius, admitting that the poet is "more than most susceptible to the orgiastic call of the senses and the gross delights of the flesh," but averring that he is enabled "by the purity of his heart to see all things pure," and that, moreover, "there is about his sinning a childlike irresponsibility, an essential innocence of wrong intent, that differentiate it from the grown-up sinning of more worldly natures." A comforting doctrine, this,—for the poet. The other essays are mostly light tone and rather affected as to manner, although written in charming prose. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 350 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Postage 15 cents.)

PIETRO OF SIENA: BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

AN incident in the lawless life of Mediaeval Italy is made the subject of Mr. Stephen Phillips' latest dramatic poem, which shows all the qualities of his well-known style. The city of Siena is taken by *Pietro Torrielli*, head of an ancient Sienese family which was driven into exile by the rival and reigning house of Gonzaga. The ruler, *Luigi Gonzaga*, is condemned to death, but a sudden infatuation for his beautiful sister, *Gemma*, impels *Pietro* to offer to barter her brother's life and liberty for her. The situation is old enough, but a surprise appears as it develops, for the girl makes up her mind to yield in order to save her brother's life, but in communicating her decision to *Pietro*, she so overwhelms him with scorn that he grows ashamed of his brutal cowardice, frees *Luigi* and marries *Gemma*. Such sudden reforms may be characteristic of the Italian temperament, but the poet neglects to assure us that the couple were "happy ever afterward." (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 82 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

MR. INGLESIDE: BY E. V. LUCAS

A kindly, rambling sort of book, in which people come and go as casually as in life, is this latest novel by Mr. Lucas. It is more of a story, as stories go, than "Over Bemerton's," but for all that the plot is a minus quantity, the book being made up of a group of thumbnail sketches of the interesting and entirely unconventional folk who gravitate naturally to the neighborhood of Mr. Ingleside, an easy-going man of the world who is a good deal of a philosopher in his own way. As he and his wife are

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totally dissimilar in tastes and ideas, he lives in London, going to his country home for week-ends, and keeping on excellent terms with his family by this excellent device for removing all friction. When his wife dies and his two daughters come to live with him, his household in London becomes a center of attraction for all sorts of odd people, and the charm of the story lies in the way in which the author manages to make his readers acquainted with the whole group without going into any detailed analysis or description. They seem like real people of whom one catches only an occasional glimpse. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 316 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE: BY JOHN W. WILKINSON

A text book for students of agriculture, giving such a general knowledge of the technical side of the subject as may serve to lay the foundation for subsequent specialized study and practical experience, has been prepared by Dr. Wilkinson, formerly Professor of Agriculture in Oklahoma, and now Assistant State Superintendent of Education in that State.

The book treats of agriculture, horticulture, forestry, stock feeding, animal husbandry and road building, the necessary information being given in practical and terse form, and each chapter being closed by a list of questions designed to test the knowledge and understanding of the student. While one could by no means learn farming from such a book, it should serve to arouse interest in the student and to give an excellent general grasp of the subject. (Published by the American Book Co., New York. Illustrated. 377 pages. Price \$1.00.)

THE SECOND POST: BY E. V. LUCAS

IN "The Second Post," Mr. Lucas has given us another of his charming anthologies, for it is a collection of the intimate, self-revealing letters that bring close to the reader the lives and personal characters of people who have attracted the attention of the world. In one way, the book is a continuation of "The Gentlest Art," by the same author, but this second volume of old letters is complete in itself in that it includes the correspondence of an entirely different group of people. There are letters from the old to the young, full of sound advice, tenderness and quaint humor; letters of description written by famous travelers

from foreign lands; letters embodying the charm of country life as seen by men and women of wide experience and ripe mentality; letters from queer characters on all sorts of subjects; a group of famous laconics and whimsicalities, and all manner of personal gossip. The book is issued in the series called "The Friendly Library," and is daintily bound in dark green and gold. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 264 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

NOTES

HITCHCOCK PAINTINGS AT THE KNOEDLER GALLERIES

ONE of the most interesting early exhibits of pictures in New York is the collection of paintings of Holland by George Hitchcock.

These were exhibited the early part of December at the Knoedler Galleries. There was a wide variety of subjects from this one land, and all through Holland, in the gardens, out in the fields, in the meadows, in the doorways, Mr. Hitchcock seems to have found most wonderful color and more sunlight than the average traveler in Holland finds in a year's time. In fact, it is the sense of the vivid Dutch colors all splashed with sunlight that is the great charm of these paintings. The technique seems a little dull, the faces of the young girls too invariably pretty, the flowers too inevitable in their massing, and yet there is a radiance and a freshness and a fragrance throughout these canvases that give them a lasting charm. Mr. Hitchcock is undoubtedly a student of Holland, of the costume and of the types. One would say rather superficially of the types. Human nature and the varying expression of it has not interested him so much as the human being in splendid colors, as joyous and vivid as the acres of tulips or the fields of poppies along the canals. This, however, is too sweeping a generalization of the collection. There are single canvases in lighter key with more delicate imagination, as, for instance, "Calypso," "The Flight into Egypt," "Apple Blossoms," "St. Genevieve"; all of these and perhaps others not remembered, are done as if from a spiritual interest in the subject, and the color and the technique have responded to the inspiration. They have the humana tone in color rather than the gamba. All together the Holland of one's dreams with all her

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vanishing beauty is held for us, and we are gratified.

In the same room at the Knoedler Galleries in one corner was a series of small water color sketches by Cecil Jay (Mrs. George Hitchcock). The technique of these pictures is somewhat tight. They suggest miniatures enlarged a little, with the miniature feeling in handling the brush, but the subjects, which are again Dutch, are full of beauty and sensitiveness and are painted with a tenderness and kindness which is rare in the handling of any Dutch subject. The inspiration is from the kindest human sentiment throughout; there are young mothers loving their babies very dearly, and mothers handling rosaries because there are no babies to love, and the still younger mother dreaming of her babies. There are young children and girls under apple trees. The costumes are picturesque and beautiful in detail, and the faces are full of individuality and sweetness.

The collection of portrait miniatures by Alyn Williams exhibited at the same Galleries seemed to lack any special interest, although undoubtedly popular with the fashion world in England and America. There are miniatures of kings and presidents, of queens and of presidents' daughters; there are many of the British nobility and also Mrs. George Gould. Somehow the great men seemed a little constricted with the overdelicate technique and tiny elaborate frames. President Taft does not inevitably suggest miniature treatment; neither does the late King of England. One would think of them both in connection with the brushwork of George Luks, rather than with the extreme fineness of line employed by this artist. The catalogue of these miniatures places Alyn Williams as the head of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters in London, and gives many groups of initials after the name. As a whole, the collection seems to lack the individuality and charm of a number of American miniature painters, as for instance, Laura Hills or the late William Baer.

THE SILVER MINE ARTISTS

THE exhibition for 1910 of the Silver Mine group of artists took place from September 19th to September 24th. It was one of the most successful of the exhibitions of this very interesting colony of pro-

gressive art workers. Among the painters who exhibited were E. M. Ashe, W. A. Boring, D. Putnam Brinley, Richard Gruelle, Justin Gruelle, Krieghoff, Albert Matzke, Addison T. Millar, Henry G. Thompson and F. C. Yohn. The sculptor of note was Solon H. Borglum. Nothing is more significant and hopeful in relation to the development of art in America than these special exhibitions held by men who are working away from the metropolitan centers, who have found the country which furnishes an inspiration for their work and opportunity for contented home life. Accounts of such exhibitions have come from Lyme, from Cos Cob, in former days, from the Shinnecock Hills, when William Chase was the soul of that country, and whenever a notice reaches **THE CRAFTSMAN** that work is being done in this way we feel that here is a fresh opportunity for real progress and that the people who have the courage to work out their individuality as these artists have done will accomplish much for themselves and for art as a whole.

AT THE MACBETH GALLERIES

AT the Macbeth Gallery several interesting exhibits have already been held, one, of the paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne, paintings showing the widest interest in the human side of life. Mr. Hawthorne seems to get the most interesting effects from the simplest opportunities, "A Boy with a Shad" will give him a study of human nature, a knowledge of boy character and a wonderful color scheme. To the lay mind his drawing does not seem to carry the same conviction that his knowledge of color and human psychology does.

Later in November there was at these galleries a very interesting collection of water colors by Francis J. McComas. The subjects were all of the Southwest country. Mr. McComas is a native of Australia, where he spent the early years of his life. As a boy he went to California, and among the Spanish towns and old cypress trees and the forests and the buildings, he gained an inspiration for his art which has dominated it ever since. The eighteen pictures in this exhibition reflect months of work spent in the Bad Lands, in the West, on the desert and in the extreme Southwest. He has succeeded in getting much of the mystery and the poetry of its vanishing people, and the beauty of their

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dwelling places on the great plains he has transferred with exquisite understanding to his canvas.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CHICAGO INSTITUTE

THE Twenty-third Annual Exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture by American artists opened at the Art Institute of Chicago October 18th. There is no art society in America that is doing more fundamentally progressive work than this Institute in Chicago. It is a practical society where much significant teaching is done, where minor exhibits of all kinds are held constantly, and above all, it stands for American art, for the very best that can be expressed in American art. It is rapidly growing to deserve the reputation of being the foremost progressive society for the advancement of our own art. It seems to possess enthusiasm rather than prejudice, and an open mind toward every phase of the achievement of our own men. It is quietly establishing a permanent collection; it is also working closely in touch with the Friends of American Art, and this last season the pictures purchased by this Society were selected from the exhibitions at the Art Institute.

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN

THE fourth annual exhibition of Arts and Crafts under the auspices of the National Society of Craftsmen in the galleries of the National Arts Club opened December 7th. It has a wider range of interest than any of the previous exhibitions. The silver and jewelry show exquisite workmanship; the jewelry as usual is moderate in price. Of the fabrics exhibited the prices seem as in the past higher in proportion than the jewelry and silver, which must in the long run lessen the opportunity of the craft worker along this line. It is an exhibition well worth while visiting and of established value for the hunter of unique Christmas presents which will have a permanent interest and value.

PLANS OF THE MADISON ART GALLERY

THE Madison Art Gallery opened this season with a collection of unusually interesting pictures, mainly selected from the different exhibitions of last year. There was some excellent work of Ernest Lawson, D. Putnam Brinley, Jonas Lie, who has returned to this country with a less poetical interest in his art and a more vivid

and vital technique, Elmer MacRae, George Bellows and Henry Fitch Taylor. The manager of the gallery has given us the following list of plans for the forthcoming season: November 16th, Jonas Lie, landscapes; December 1st, Charles Noel Flagg, portraits, and Birge Harrison, landscapes; in a small gallery on the same date Genjiro Kataoka, Japanese flower studies; December 15th, group of American painters living abroad: Messrs. Frieske, Rose, Miller and Parker; January 1st, Ernest Lawson; January 15th, George Bellows; February 1st, Allen Tucker; February 15th, Charles Ebert; March 1st, W. Sherman Potts; March 15th, Elmer L. MacRae; April 1st, D. Putnam Brinley.

THE FRIENDS OF AMERICAN ART

THIS very interesting society has been formed in Chicago to encourage in every possible way the production, the purchase and the permanent placing of American art. It is composed of one hundred and fifty Chicago business men. Each of these men has pledged himself to give two hundred dollars a year for five years, a sum amounting to thirty thousand dollars a year, to be expended annually or to be held in reserve for the purchase of modern American art. So far about twenty-five thousand dollars were expended the first year of this society's existence in purchasing pictures and for various other artistic accomplishments in connection with the Art Institute of Chicago. I believe that the members of this society are not absolutely pledged to purchase only such pictures as are exhibited at the Art Institute, yet as a Chicago society the tendency seems to be toward such a solution of the use of the funds. This year a committee composed of Mr. Ben Foster, Mr. Frank Benson, Mr. Gardner Symons and others culled the pictures which seemed of greatest value from the yearly exhibition, the selection eventually being submitted to a committee of the Art Institute. A certain sum of money was also devoted to putting into marble Lorado Taft's "Solitude of the Soul." From this it will be seen that the purpose of the Club is not limited to the purchase of painting, but is devoted to the encouragement of the progress of art in whatever worthwhile direction it may take. It seems peculiarly interesting that this entire committee should be made up of business men, the same group of business men who stand

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back of the new opera house in Chicago, which is already on a paying basis, of the Thomas Orchestra, which has done so much for music throughout America, and for various other societies which are expressive of the progress of this nation along significant art lines.

SIGNIFICANT EXHIBITIONS

THE opening of art exhibitions began early this fall in New York and a number of noteworthy works have already been seen by those who follow closely what our artists are doing. An exhibition of paintings of A. L. Kroll, who was awarded the Mooney Traveling Scholarship of the National Academy of Design in 1908, was held the beginning of November in the American Fine Arts Building.

A comprehensive collection of water colors and sketches by Maxime Maufra was shown at the Durand-Ruel Galleries the beginning of November. The exhibition included two sets of views of Belle-Ile-en-Mer, Paris, other landscapes, and still life pictures.

Auguste Rodin's latest work, a bust of Thomas F. Ryan, was shown at the Knoedler Galleries in November.

The Third Annual Exhibition of Advertising Art was held in late October and early November at the Galleries of the National Arts Club and was most successful in every way.

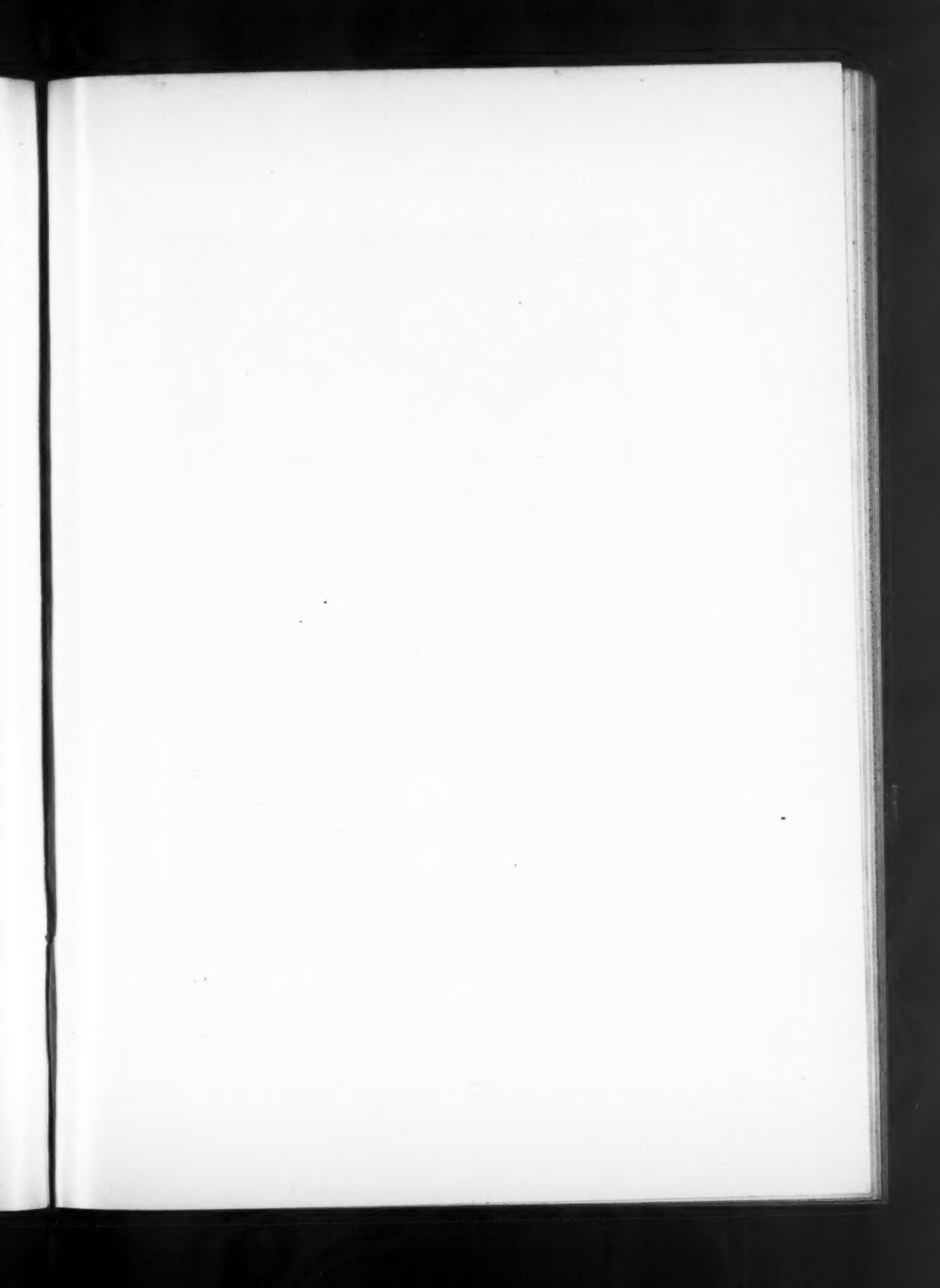
An exhibition of paintings from the work of the summer class on Monhegan Island,

Coast of Maine, which is under the direction of Rockwell Kent, was held for two days in October at the Henri School of Art.

The Folsom Galleries have held special exhibitions of water colors of Mexico and California by Leslie W. Lee in late October, portraits and paintings by Piero Tozzi the first twelve days in November, and water colors by Walter L. Palmer, N.A., the latter part of November.—A collection of recent paintings by American artists and a group of pictures by Bolton Coit Brown were shown simultaneously in the galleries of Louis Katz, the beginning of November. Shortly after the close of these exhibitions and until early in December the Woman's Art Club of New York held their exhibition at these same galleries.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT MONTROSS GALLERIES

THE Montross Galleries in New York opened their exhibitions for the season by showing a collection of pictures of significant American artists, among them T. W. Dewing, Jules Guerin, W. L. Lathrop, Willard Metcalf, E. J. Steichen, Horatio Walker and others who will hold special exhibits in these rooms later on. Already the galleries have been occupied for two weeks by the pictures of Jules Guerin, whose work is unique of its kind, full of poetry and an understanding of the relation of figures to landscape which but few of our modern painters have.





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**"WINDY DOORSTEP": ABASTENIA
ST. LEGER EBERLE, SCULPTOR.**